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RED DRAGON

Screenplay
by

Ted Tally

Based on the Novel
by

Thomas Harris

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1st Revised Draft

"...if you gaze long into an abyss,
the abyss will gaze into you."

-- Nietzsche

FADE IN:

EXT. WESTMINSTER CHURCHYARD. BALTIMORE. NIGHT.

A sculpted face, patinaed by time, stares at us from a white marble tomb. On this drizzly winter's night, the sad, knowing eyes of Edgar Allan Poe seem to weep with rain...

SUPER TITLE: BALTIMORE, MD. 1983.

INT. CONCERT HALL. NIGHT.

On a brilliantly lit stage, the Baltimore Philharmonic is struggling through the 3rd movement of Boccherini's Concerto in D Major ("Allegro piacere.") At center, a CELLO SOLOIST.

The CONDUCTOR frowns. Something's amiss in the wind section. As the SOLOIST nears the end of her passage, he jabs his baton with grim emphasis, indicating the winds' next entrance.

THREE of the FOUR FLAUTISTS, instruments already poised by their lips, come in precisely on cue. But the...

FOURTH FLAUTIST is daydreaming. Catching himself with a start, he lifts his flute, but now is hopelessly off the beat. As the others finish, then lower their instruments, he plays on alone for a few more notes before stopping. Then glares around with defensive belligerence.

TWO OBOISTS, nearby, exchange a glance. One rolls his eyes.

WE BACK AWAY, RISING SLOWLY, as if wafting up with the MUSIC, passing over well-dressed CONCERTGOERS, elaborate woodwork, gilded cherubs, crystal chandeliers... till we finally reach a private box, where a TUXEDOED PATRON sits alone, his face in shadows. Now he leans forward, into the light.

HANNIBAL LECTER, M.D. - noted psychiatrist, arts patron, connoisseur - is trim, very neat, with a quality of coiled stillness. His eyes are blue, strangely pale. CLOSER on him, CLOSER STILL, until...

The Fourth Flautist comes in late, yet again. From Lecter's hyper-acute perspective, the hapless man's off-the-beat playing is physically excruciating, like a nail scoring glass.

Lecter's eyelids close, ever so briefly, in distaste. When they reopen, the pale irises are as fixed as a cobra's.

LECTER (V.O.)
"Think to yourself that every day is your last; the hour to which you do not look forward will come as a welcome surprise..."

INT. DINING ROOM. LECTER'S TOWNHOUSE. NIGHT.

A candlelit table, exquisitely set. Around this are seated the ten very elegant MEMBERS OF THE SYMPHONY BOARD.

Lecter circles the table, pouring wine for his guests.

LECTER
"As for me, when you want a good laugh, you will find me, in a fine state, fat and sleek, a true hog of Epicurus' herd."

Laughter at this, plus some mock-distressed "ooohs."

LECTER (CONT'D)
The poet Horace.

RED BOW TIE
Well, I must say, Hannibal, speaking for the rest of the herd -
(the others laugh)
I'm sorry, for the Symphony Board -
(more laughter)
- that these little soirees of yours are always the highlight of our year.

OTHER VOICES
Just so. Hear hear. Bravo!

LECTER
You're too kind. Reverend - more Montrachet?

REVEREND
Yes, please. It's drinking nicely.

TROPHY WIFE
I do feel a bit guilty, enjoying such a lovely evening while one of our musicians is still listed as a missing person.

Grave frowns at this, polite murmurs of concern.

TWEEDY BANKER
Yes, poor Raspail. Sad thing.

RED BOW TIE
Shall I confess something wicked? I can't help feeling just the tiniest bit - well, relieved. That sounds awful, I know. But let's face it. So does the man's playing.

CHAIRWOMAN
His family's given millions to the endowment. It would've been almost impossible to fire him.

BLUFF CEO
Oh, he'll turn up somewhere. Count on it.

TWEEDY BANKER
He's probably not missing at all. Just late again.

Chuckles, laughter, one or two happy groans.

CHAIRWOMAN
Hannibal, confess. What is this divine-looking amuse-bouche?

LECTER
If I tell you, I'm afraid you won't try it.

More chuckles, hearty laughter. Taking his seat at the head of the table, Lecter snaps loose his napkin. Looking around at his eager, expectant guests, he smiles.

LECTER (CONT'D)
Bon appetit.

INT. LECTER'S BASEMENT. NIGHT.

Lecter, now in a cashmere cardigan, walks towards an upright deep freezer. He's carrying something in an aluminum pan, covered with damp cheesecloth. SOUND OF A BUZZER. He turns.

A small speaker on the wall. It BUZZES again.

Lecter considers this. Then he calmly opens the stainless steel door, sets his pan down inside the freezer. We can't see the contents. He turns and goes.

INT./EXT. FRONT DOOR. NIGHT.

His opening front door reveals a man in a dark overcoat and scarf, his breath steaming in the cold. WILL GRAHAM is pale, with dark watchful eyes. He's exhausted and never got a chance to shave this morning.

LECTER
Special Agent Graham. What an unexpected pleasure.

GRAHAM
Sorry to bother you again, Doctor. I know it's late.

LECTER
No bother. We're both night owls, I think. Come in, please.

As Graham enters, he passes a brass plaque that reads "HANNIBAL LECTER, M.D./ Psychiatric Consultations."

LECTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You look tired, Will...

INT. LECTER'S STUDY. NIGHT.

A handsome panelled room, decorated with primitive art, fragments of Greek sculpture, many books. To one side is a leather chaise. A fire blazes, its light flickering over the men's faces. Lecter is behind his desk.

LECTER
You ought to get more sleep.

Graham paces restlessly. Under his navy jacket, we catch a glimpse of his shoulder holster and Bulldog .44 Special.

GRAHAM
I'll sleep after this bastard is behind bars.

LECTER
You're part of a three-hundred man task force. No one expects you to catch the Chesapeake Ripper all by yourself. Have a seat, Will.

Graham drops into a chair. Leans forward urgently. Despite his weariness, his face is alive with fierce excitement.

GRAHAM
We've been on the wrong track this whole time, Doctor. You and I. Our whole profile is wrong.

LECTER
I don't understand.

GRAHAM
We've been looking at decertified doctors, med school dropouts, laid-off hospital or mortuary workers - anybody with a crazy grudge and some kind of anatomical knowledge.

LECTER
From the precision of the cuts, yes. And his choice of - souvenirs.

GRAHAM
But that's where we went wrong. He's not collecting body parts.

LECTER
Then why keep them?

GRAHAM
He's not. He's eating them.

Lecter looks at him. A pause. His voice remains soft.

LECTER
That's most intriguing. May I ask how you came to this conclusion?

GRAHAM
We were at Molly's parents' for New Year's. We were all in the kitchen, Josh's grandfather was carving a roasted chicken. And he said to my son, "The tenderest part of a chicken is the oysters." I'd never heard the expression before...

LECTER
Soft pads on the back. Yes.

GRAHAM
I had a sudden flash of the third victim, Darcy Chambers. She was missing flesh from her back. And then it hit me. Liver. Kidneys. Tongue. Thymus... Every single victim lost some body part used in cooking.

On Lecter's desk is his letter opener, an antique Venetian stiletto. Slender blade, diamond in section, with a blood groove. He toys with this idly.

LECTER
That's a rather amazing leap, Will. Have you shared this with the Bureau?

GRAHAM
I needed to see you first. But I know I'm right. Somehow I'm starting to be able to <u>think</u> like this guy. To see the world through his eyes.

LECTER
And how does that make you feel?

GRAHAM
It scares the hell out of me.

LECTER
(pause)
Fascinating. And quite rare. I'd always suspected as much. You're an <u>eideteker</u>.
(Graham is puzzled)
Someone with a remarkable visual memory. Combined, in your case, with pure empathy and projection... How I'd love to get you on my couch.

GRAHAM
I'm not psychic, Doctor.

LECTER
No, no, this is different. More akin to artistic imagination. You're able to assume the point of view of other people - even those points of view that might scare or sicken you... A troubling gift, I should think. Perception's a tool that's pointed at both ends.

GRAHAM
One other thing that troubles me, Doctor... I'm just a cop. You're the best forensic psychiatrist in the country. And yet somehow, in all our time together, this cannibal idea never occurred to you.

A quiet moment, the two of them staring at each other.

LECTER
I'm only human, Will. Perhaps I've made a mistake.

Graham is silent. Lecter's eyes gleam in the firelight.

LECTER (CONT'D)
If so, it pains me to think I might no longer enjoy your full confidence.

GRAHAM
I didn't say that. I don't know what I'm saying... I'm very tired.

LECTER
Of course. Look. Why don't you come back in the morning? I'll clear some time on my schedule, and we'll get started on revising our profile. Sound good?

Graham hesitates, then nods wearily. Lecter smiles.

LECTER (CONT'D)
You rest here, then. I'll get your coat. Won't be a tick.

Lecter goes out.

After a moment Graham rises, stretches his back. As he waits, he turns, glancing idly around. Something on a shelf catches his eye. He moves closer.

A Dogon tribal MASK, features contorted in rage or pain.

Graham is a bit disturbed. Not his idea of art. His gaze wanders...

A block of SHINY AMBER, with a SCORPION suspended inside. A beaded SIOUX QUIVER, with feathered arrows still protruding. And BOOKS... so many books. Some leather-bound, with worn, cracked spines, and very old. Some much newer.

Graham is interested. Looks closer at the titles...

Recettes Des Provinces De France... La Cuisine du Sacrifice en Pays Grec... Larousse Gastronomique. This last volume isn't pushed all the way back into place. And it has a red satin bookmark, noting a particular page.

Graham pulls out the Larousse, opens it to the marked page.

A recipe titled "Fantaisie de Ris de Veau." Beside which someone has written the word "Sweetbreads."

Graham stares at this...

VERY CLOSE ANGLE - "SWEETBREADS" -

Just the single word, inked in a fine, elegant hand.

Graham's eyes widen in a horrified leap of understanding.

He drops the book, turning, already pulling his gun free, when he finds himself...

Face to face with Lecter, the pale eyes regarding him calmly. The Doctor's hand flicks out, quick as a striking snake.

Graham gasps, looks down...

The Venetian stiletto is buried to its hilt in his abdomen. Its handle is gripped by Lecter's right hand, while the Doctor's left hand now flashes up to seize Graham's gun, plucking it from his nerveless fingers.

Lecter tosses the gun aside, as Graham's hands fumble at the knife, trying to push it away. But Lecter is immensely strong and has him pinned against the bookcase. His face looms close beside Graham's as the younger man struggles, gasping in this obscene embrace. The Doctor's voice is calm, soothing.

LECTER (CONT'D)
Shh, shhh - don't move. You're in shock now. I don't want you to feel any pain.

Graham writhes, though he's getting weaker by the moment. Lecter presses against him harder. Objects tumble from the shelves, SHATTER. The Doctor ignores the mess.

LECTER (CONT'D)
In a moment you'll begin to be be light-headed. Then drowsy. Don't resist. It's so gentle. Like slipping into a warm bath...

Graham jerks against him. Cries out.

LECTER (CONT'D)
Shh, shh... I regret that it came to this, Will. But every game must have its ending. Shh. Shh...

Graham's eyes roll up. He's very close to passing out.

LECTER (CONT'D)
Remarkable boy. I do admire your courage.

His lips are close to Graham's ear. A loving whisper.

LECTER (CONT'D)
I think I'll eat your heart.

Graham's eyes glaze over. He goes limp. Lecter grips him in both arms a few moments longer, making sure he's still, then eases his body to the floor, where it slumps like a rag doll's. Graham's eyes stare sightlessly, unblinking.

Lecter kneels. He leans over Graham, tilts his chin back, ready to slash his throat, when suddenly the Doctor himself emits a soft grunt. He looks down, surprised...

Half a dozen Sioux arrows, gripped in Graham's bloody fist, have been punched into his abdomen. Graham's eyes re-focus, staring directly into his. His face - sweat-drenched, contorted with pain - is very close to Lecter's.

GRAHAM
(whispers)
Eat that.

Lecter rises, shocked, lurching backwards as he tries to pluck out the arrowheads. But they're deeply imbedded, and his stiletto interferes with his grip.

Graham pulls a second gun, a small .38 revolver, from an ankle holster, aims unsteadily, squeezes the trigger. The BOOM of the explosions, in this small room, is deafening.

NEW ANGLE - SLOW MOTION

as most of the slugs miss, smashing into the walls, but at least one catches Lecter in the upper chest, spinning him around, hurling him away. The Doctor topples over his desk, knocking the phone off, before coming to rest on the floor, on his side, unconscious.

Graham, holding his spilling guts in with one hand, keeps squeezing the trigger even after his gun is empty. Finally his hand drops weakly, the gun CLATTERING on the floor. He stares at...

Lecter's unmoving body.

Graham, through his faintness, becomes aware of a strange new SOUND. Dully he turns his head...

Lecter's phone is lying on the floor, its receiver uncradled, humming a DIAL TONE. Just a few feet away, but it seems like a mile...

Graham grits his teeth, then, with a supreme effort, manages to topple slowly over in the direction of the phone. Very weakly he reaches out one bloody finger, smearing the "0" button. After a pause, we hear a VOICE.

VOICE
Operator.

GRAHAM
(whispers)
Seventeen... Chandler's Square... Officer down... Help me... Please help me.

His eyes roll up in his head. He faints...

FADE TO:

A MONTAGE of NEWSPAPER HEADLINES and PHOTOS, seen in GRAINY CLOSEUPS. Some soberly journalistic, others in the screaming tabloid style of The National Tattler. They are yellowed with age, and have been carefully taped onto the pages of a huge ledger: worn black leather with brass corners. Spidery, obsessive handwriting surrounds the photos. From time to time the IMAGES BLUR as a page is turned...

"Local Doctor Wounded, Under Arrest/ FBI Agent 'Extremely Critical'/ Details Uunclear in 'Bizarre Bloodbath'..."

(File photos of Lecter at a charity event, then Will Graham's Bureau I.D. photo.)

"Dr. Hannibal Lecter is Chesapeake Ripper/ Chamber of Horrors Revealed"..."HANNIBAL THE CANNIBAL!!!..."

(A photo of JACK CRAWFORD, Will Graham's FBI mentor, briefing a swarm of REPORTERS outside Lecter's townhouse.)

"FBI Agent's Condition Now 'Guarded'/ Chance of Recovery..."
"HERO COP'S GHASTLY WOUNDS/ EXCLUSIVE HOSPITAL PIX!..."

(A photo of Graham, unconscious, in his hospital bed, his body a mass of tubes and bandages. The accompanying story has a byline, "BY FREDDY LOUNDS," with a smaller photo of the reporter's grinning face...)

"TRIAL OF THE CENTURY BEGINS!/ FIEND SERVED HUMAN ORGANS TO GUESTS!!!"..."Symphony Chairwoman Faints in Court..."
"Lector's Captor Released From Hospital/ FBI Agent Will Testify..."

(Graham in a wheelchair, being pushed by his wife, MOLLY, as Crawford and other AGENTS hold their hands up, trying to shield them from flashbulbs and shouted questions.)

"HANNIBAL GUILTY!!!"..."Lecter Sentenced to Nine Consecutive Life Terms"..."CANNIBAL TO BE CAGED FOREVER!!!"

(Photo of Lecter, heavily shackled and closely guarded, being frog-marched out of the courthouse.)

"TOP COP TO LOONY BIN!/ 'STRESS' CITED..."

(And then finally, in much smaller print:)

"Hero Fed Quits Bureau..."

A POWERFUL MALE HAND comes INTO FRAME, turning all the way back to the first page of the great ledger. Across this, in hand-illuminated letters, it reads "BeHold A GrEat RED DRAGON... ReVelAtions 12:3." The thick fingers rest for a moment on this title page, lightly. Lovingly...

FADE TO:

EXT. GRAHAM HOUSE AND BOATYARD. FLORIDA. DAY.

A cluttered boatyard, adjacent to a weathered gray two-story beach house. Worksheds, trailered boats.

SUPER TITLES: MARATHON, FL./THREE YEARS LATER.

MOLLY GRAHAM, in spattered jeans and a painter's mask, is brushing varnish on the teak trim of a sloop. She looks up.

A white Ford rental car pulls into the yard, stops. JACK CRAWFORD gets out, stands looking up at her. His gray D.C. suit and office pallor look out of place here.

CRAWFORD
Hello, Molly. Long time.

She pulls her mask off, staring down at him. Surprised to see him, then angry. Then scared.

MOLLY
You're his friend, Jack. Why can't you leave him alone?

CRAWFORD
Because it's his bad luck to be the best.

She stares back at him, her face taut.

EXT. BEACH. DAY.

Crawford and Graham sit at a picnic table with glasses of iced tea. Beyond them, high dunes, dense with sea oats. In the distance, Graham's house.

CRAWFORD
How much do you know?

GRAHAM
(reluctantly)
Just what was in the Miami Herald and the Times...

FROM CLOSER UP, we see that Graham is now darkly tanned, thin but fit. He's wary of Crawford.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Two families killed in their houses a month apart. Birmingham and Atlanta. The circumstances were similar.

CRAWFORD
Not similar. The same.

GRAHAM
What've you kept out of the papers?

CRAWFORD
He smashes mirrors and uses the pieces. He's blond, right-handed and really strong. Wears a size eleven shoe. Also latex gloves, so we've got no prints.

GRAHAM
You said that in public.

CRAWFORD
He's not too comfortable with locks. Pried open a patio door in Birmingham and used a glass cutter in Atlanta. Oh, and his blood's AB positive.

GRAHAM
Somebody hurt him?

CRAWFORD
No. We typed him from semen and saliva. He's a secretor.

A brief silence. Crawford reaches into his jacket.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
If you want to just look at -

GRAHAM
No. No pictures.

He has spoken more sharply than he intended. He looks away, down the beach. A beat.

In the distance, JOSH GRAHAM, 8, is casting a surf rod. Molly stands watching him, hand on her hip, with spent waves around her ankles. Finally Graham trusts his voice again.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
I don't think I'd be all that useful to you, Jack. I never think about it anymore.

CRAWFORD
Bullshit. You knew what this was. After the second family, you had to know.

GRAHAM
You've got all the people you need. You've got Dortmund up at Harvard, Bloom at the University of Chicago -

CRAWFORD
Yeah, and I've got you down here fixing fucking boat motors.

Graham is silent. Sips his tea.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
Any technician can examine evidence. But you've got that other thing, too. Imagination, projection, whatever. You pick up on stuff that other cops miss. You can walk into a crime scene and visualize every move the killer made... I know you don't like that part of it.

GRAHAM
You wouldn't like it either if you had it.

Crawford dips into his jacket pocket with two fingers. Flips two photographs across the table, face down. Graham goes very still. Staring at the blank white squares.

CRAWFORD
If you can't look anymore, God knows I'd understand that.

GRAHAM
You get so you can function anyway, as long as they're dead. The survivors are the worst. Parents. Kids... You have to shake it off and keep on thinking. I couldn't do that now.

CRAWFORD
(gently)
These are all dead, Will.

He reaches out, turns the photos over, face up.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
All dead.

Graham looks at him a moment before picking them up.

Two snapshots. A pretty woman (MRS.LEEDS) followed by three children and a duck, carrying picnic items up a pond bank. Another family (the JACOBIS) stands happily behind a cake.

Graham stares at the faces, a long beat. A shadow passes over his heart. He turns his head, looking down the beach again, towards...

Molly and Josh, as she adjusts the boy's backswing. His son nods, then strides forward, frowning with concentration, and casts again. When she glances this way, her smile fades.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
Will, this freak seems to be in phase with the moon. He killed the Jacobis in Birmingham on Saturday night, June 28, full moon. He killed the Leeds family in Atlanta night before last, July 26. That's one day short of a lunar month. So if we're lucky we may have a little over three weeks before he does it again... Hell, I'm not the Pope, I can't tell you what to do. But Will, do you respect my judgement?

GRAHAM
Yes.

CRAWFORD
I think we have a better chance to catch him fast if you help. Saddle up and help us, Will. Go to Atlanta and Birmingham and look. Just look. Then help me brief the locals.

INT. GRAHAM HOUSE. MASTER BEDROOM (2ND FLOOR). NIGHT.

Graham sits on the side of his bed, staring out towards the moon. Still almost full. Its cold light ladders the waves.

MOLLY (O.S.)
He's got a lot of other people. The whole damn government...

She comes and sits quietly beside him. After a moment she takes his hand.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
It doesn't have to be you this time.

GRAHAM
This kind of psychopath is very rare. He knows I've had... experience.

MOLLY
Yes, you have.

His faded denim shirt is unbuttoned. She sees the jagged pink stiletto scar on his stomach. He follows her gaze. Then their eyes meet.

GRAHAM
Molly, what the hell can I do?

MOLLY
What you've already decided. If you stay here and there's more killing, it'll haunt you forever. Maybe even sour what we have. So you're not really asking.

GRAHAM
If I <u>were</u> asking, what would you say?

MOLLY
Stay here with me. Me. Me. And Josh, I'd drag him in too if it would do any good. If things don't go so well, I'll have the satisfaction that you did the right thing. That'll last about as long as Taps.

GRAHAM
This one will never see me or know my name. The police, they'll have to take him down if they can find him. Not me. Crawford just wants another point of view.

For a terrible instant her face crumples. Graham hugs her. She hugs him back fiercely.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Molly, I'll be at the back of the pack. I promise.

MOLLY
(tries to smile)
Never in your life. I know you.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET. ATLANTA. NIGHT.

A two-story brick home, set back from the street on a wooded lot. The windows are dark. One yard light burns. A patrol car waits at the curb, TWO COPS dimly sillouetted inside.

SUPER TITLE: <u>LEEDS HOUSE. ATLANTA, GA.</u>

EXT. BACK PORCH. NIGHT.

Graham's <u>flashlight beam</u> shows a long porch, with lattice screening giving privacy to the back door.

The beam picks out deck furniture, kids' bikes, a coiled hose. It passes over, then returns to... a wicker dog bed and plastic bowl.

Graham looks at these. Then takes a microcassette recorder from his pocket, holds it to his lips. Flicks it on.

GRAHAM
Jack - where's the dog? Nobody heard barking. There's nothing about it in the case file.

He turns, aims his flash at the back door. Sees an Atlanta PD seal across it. Above this, the single glass pane is missing, replaced by a plywood patch. Graham stares at this...

GRAHAM'S IMAGINATION - KILLER'S POV -

A plastic-gloved left hand holds a suction cup in place, while a gloved right hand circles it with a glass-cutter. Quietly removes a neat circle of glass. Then the right hand reaches stealthily down inside, through the hole...

BACK IN THE PRESENT

Graham shifts uneasily, absorbing this first imaginative glimpse of the killer at work.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Night lights glow on the counters as Graham unlocks the door, comes in. He removes his set of keys, softly shuts the door. Stands very still, taking in the house. Sensing madness like a bloodhound sniffs a shirt...

Finally he trusts himself to move. Crosses to the stove, turns on its hood light: cold neon bathes him. He turns.

Gleaming copper bowls. Framed samplers. Kids' art under fridge magnets. Happy snaps of the five dead. All-American smiles. Mrs. Leeds was very beautiful.

There's a SUDDEN LOUD CLICK behind him. Graham starts at the noise. Turns quickly, eyes darting in fear...

On the wall, a thermostat has kicked in. Air conditioners begin to HUM, somewhere deep in the house.

Slowly Graham regains control of his breathing.

INT. STAIRCASE. NIGHT.

Slowly, quietly, Graham climbs the stairs. He glances down at his right hand as it slides up the railing...

GRAHAM'S IMAGINATION - KILLER'S POV -

The right hand is now plastic-gloved, and bigger than Graham's. Its shiny fingers tap playfully along the wood.

EXT. UPSTAIRS HALL. NIGHT.

Graham stands in the dark hall outside the master bedroom. The door is ajar. He hesitates, then softly pushes it open wider. Steps onto the jamb. A long beat. He has to steel himself to reach in beside the door, turn on the wall switch...

Bloodstains shout at him from the walls, the mattress, the carpeted floor. Taped outlines on the soaked quilt. The very air has screams smeared on it.

Graham flinches, gasping. Jerks back into the hall, spinning away from the terrible sight. He sags to the floor. Fumbles out his tape recorder, gripping it like a lifeline.

GRAHAM
The intruder cuts... oh God. Cuts Charles Leeds' throat. Then shoots Valerie Leeds as she's rising. She's disabled but not... not killed outright. Then he goes down the hall. Towards the children's rooms.

Light from the open door shows great dark stains on the hall carpet. Matted slide marks join in a wide trail that goes past him into the master.

Graham is puzzled. Keys his mike.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
He drags the bodies into the master. But why? Why move them? They were already dead. And none of them got the same... extra attention as Mrs. Leeds.

His eyes squeeze shut, his head sags onto his recorder.

INT. MASTER BATHROOM. NIGHT.

Graham swallows three Bufferin, scooping up water in his hand from the faucet. Splashes more water on his face.

When he straightens, he's looking at himself in the shattered mirror of the medicine cabinet. Traces of red fingerprint powder. Several shards are missing. He reaches to the sink for his little recorder. Gathers himself again.

GRAHAM
Small pieces of mirror were inserted into the orbital sockets of the victims. The purpose of this is... is not... Oh God. Oh Christ. I can't do this, Jack...

He lowers the recorder. Stares for a few moments at his own distorted image. Standing right where the killer stood.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
(whispers)
I can't take this one.

EXT. OMNI HOTEL. ATLANTA. NIGHT.

A high-rise hotel, downtown. Stars twinkle beyond the glass towers. Only a few windows are still lit.

INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

Graham hunches over a coffee table in his room, studying the case file. A binder is open and photos, lab reports, sketches and charts have all been removed, spread out.

He rubs his eyes, exhausted. Reaches for a miniature bourbon. Empty. He rises, starting for the minibar, when a thought freezes him. He turns back, looks at the table. Then he kneels, searching quickly for a particular photo. Finds the one he wants...

The daughter's bedroom. Atop the bureau, a row of dolls, in various sizes, sitting lined up in a neat row. Their glass irises seem to look at Graham.

Graham starts to tremble. Seeing, in his mind's eye...

GRAHAM'S IMAGINATION - KILLER'S POV -

The mirrored eyes of Charles Leeds, who's propped up, head canted, jaw slack. They seem to gleam with life. Next to him - BELOW US - is Valerie Leeds, her dead face on her pillow. In her upturned eyes, also mirrored, we catch, just for an instant, the reflection of a shadowy male face.

Graham is stunned and exhilarated, both at once. He grabs his microcassette recorder.

GRAHAM
Jack. The pieces of mirror made their eyes look alive. He wanted an audience. For him and Mrs. Leeds. The bastard wanted them all to be watching...

He rises, pacing, on fire. His recorder is forgotten.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Mrs. Leeds was beautiful, wasn't she? It was maddening to have to wear gloves when you touched her. Touch. Touch.

He stops. Turns. Stares down at the photos.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Talcum... Talcum powder...

He drops to his knees, scrambling through the reports till he finds the one he needs.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
"Traces of talcum found on her right inner thigh..." But none was found in the house. None was found in -

Graham stops. Stares into some dark inner distance, seeing...

GRAHAM'S IMAGINATION - KILLER'S POV -

The killer's left hand, still gloved, peeling the plastic glove off his right hand. A puff of powder drifts down onto the pale bare skin of Mrs. Leeds' leg...

Graham is shocked, exultant. And furious.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
You took off your gloves, didn't you? DIDN'T YOU, YOU SON OF A BITCH! You touched her with your bare hands and then you put the gloves back on and you wiped her down. But while the gloves were off, DID YOU OPEN HER EYES?

In a rage he sweeps his arm across the coffee table, knocking the photos and reports in every direction.

INT. DIFFERENT BEDROOM. OMNI HOTEL. NIGHT.

In a dark bedroom, a RINGING PHONE awakens Crawford. He turns on his bedside lamp, glances at the red digits of his clock. 4:12. He picks up the phone, quickly alert.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
Jack, this is Will. Who do we have down here who's really good with latent prints?

CRAWFORD
Atlanta PD is good. You said so yourself. They printed the whole house.

INTERCUTTING -

GRAHAM
Not the house. The corneas of her eyes... I think he took his gloves off, Jack. I think he had to touch her.

Crawford's breath catches. He stares into the darkness.

CRAWFORD
Jesus, Will.

EXT. ATLANTA POLICE HEADQUARTERS. DAY.

In the early morning light, TV vans are double-parked, with CAMERA CREWS and REPORTERS setting up shots, starting their remotes. A huge story unfolding.

DR. PRINCI (V.O.)
Gentlemen. Ladies. This is what the subject's teeth look like...

INT. SQUAD ROOM. DAY.

A large frontal view of a set of teeth, upper and lower, is tacked to a bulletin board. DR. PRINCI, the chief medical examiner, moves in front of this photo enlargement. He holds up a white dental cast which matches the photo.

DR. PRINCI
The impressions came from bite marks on Mrs. Leeds. This reconstruction was done at the Smithsonian in Washington, courtesy of our friends at the FBI.

There are about THIRTY DETECTIVES assembled here, sitting at schoolroom desks. Several heads now turn as they look back curiously, or with a hint of territorial hostility, at...

Crawford, sitting at the back. His face remains studiedly neutral. Graham, beside him, is uncomfortable in this very public, emotionally charged setting.

DR. PRINCI (O.S.) (CONT'D)
This degree of crookedness, plus the groove on this central incisor, make his bite signature unique.

SOMEBODY'S VOICE
Fuckin' shark.

Some nervous LAUGHTER at this, MUTTERS among the cops.

SPRINGFIELD (O.S.)
Knock it off.

Sitting to one side down front are BUDDY SPRINGFIELD, Chief of Police, a burly man in shirtsleeves, the COMMISSIONER, a tough-looking black man, and some city government SUITS.

SPRINGFIELD (CONT'D)
We're grateful for the Bureau's involvement. They've got a lot of expertise in this area. In particular, Investigator Graham does. Isn't that right, Jack?

CRAWFORD
Yes, sir.

COMMISSIONER
Anything you want to add, Mr. Graham?

Crawford raises his eyebrows at Graham, who looks uneasy.

COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)
Would you come up to the front?

Graham stands, walks forward reluctantly. It seems a long way. As he passes the seated detectives, he hears their whispers - "Lecter... Guy that caught Lecter... Thought he died... Nah, but the sumbitch 'bout gutted him... "

When he turns to face them the detectives go very still. His eyes are a map of the things he's seen.

GRAHAM
Mrs. Leeds and Mrs. Jacobi were the primary targets. The others were killed because they were there. I know that might be hard to accept... given what you saw. But this wasn't random. Wasn't some killing frenzy. He was never out of control.

The detectives watch him intently. The killer's enlarged teeth grin behind Graham, like those of a jack-o-lantern.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
These attacks are highly organized. The women carefully chosen... We don't know how he's choosing them, or why. They lived in different states and never met. But there's some connection. Some common factor. That's the key. Find out what that is, and we'll save lives... Because this one is going to go on and on until we either get smart or get lucky. He won't stop.

A WOMAN DETECTIVE in the front row speaks up quietly.

WOMAN DETECTIVE
Why not?

GRAHAM
It makes him God. Would you give that up?

She's disturbed by his intimacy with the killer's feelings.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
(pause)
That's all I have.

A brief, uneasy silence, as he heads back to his seat. Springfield replaces him at the front of the room.

SPRINGFIELD
Okay. Airport and hotel details will make the rounds again today. Yes, again today. The rest of you, your assignments are on the sheets.

The detectives all start noisily rising, grabbing gear.

COMMISSIONER (O.S.)
One last thing...

His stern bass voice sinks them back into their seats.

COMMISSIONER (CONT'D)
I have heard members of this command referring to the killer as the "Tooth Fairy." I had better not hear any police officer using that term in public. It sounds flippant.
(pause)
That is all.

SOUND UPCUT - the many NOISES of a busy police department, on full alert. RINGING PHONES, WHIRRING COPIERS, VOICES.

SPRINGFIELD (V.O.)
You asked about the dog...

INT. CHIEF SPRINGFIELD'S OFFICE. DAY.

Springfield, behind his crowded desk, searches through papers, finds a field report. Graham sits in front of him, exhausted from his sleepless night. He takes the sheet, scans it.

SPRINGFIELD
Last night a vet called us. Leeds and his oldest boy brought the dog in the afternoon before they were killed. Had a puncture wound to its abdomen. Vet had to put it down.

Graham exchanges a glance with Crawford, who stands off to one side, MURMURING into a phone, jotting down his messages. Other COPS pass by in the hall outside.

GRAHAM
Was the dog wearing a collar with the Leeds's address on it?

SPRINGFIELD
No.

GRAHAM
Did the Jacobis in Birmingham have a dog?

SPRINGFIELD
No dog.
(MORE)

SPRINGFIELD (CONT'D)
They found a litter box in the basement with cat droppings in it. Didn't find any cat.

Crawford hangs up in time to see Graham consider this. His voice, when it comes, is soft, his mind ranging far away.

GRAHAM
If the cat was attacked, too, the Jacobis may have buried it. Ask Birmingham to check the backyard... Tell them to use a methane probe, it's faster.

Springfield looks at him a moment, impressed, before his attention is pulled away by his RINGING phone.

SPRINGFIELD
(punches a button)
Yeah, what?

He listens. Looks at Crawford.

SPRINGFIELD (CONT'D)
For you.

Crawford comes over, takes the phone.

CRAWFORD
Crawford.

He listens, his expression changing. Then looks at Graham.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Carl, you're the light of my life. Would it hold up in court?

Graham turns, gazes out the window. His face is blank, closed like a lifer's. Springfield glances at him curiously.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
Okay. Yeah... Great work. Copies to Atlanta and Birmingham PD's, and Washington.

Crawford hangs up. Springfield looks at him, waiting.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
They found a print on Mrs. Leed's left eye. A partial thumb.

Springfield turns, staring at Graham with amazement, but also something very close to aversion. Graham can feel it.

SPRINGFIELD
That is by God spooky.

After a moment Graham rises abruptly, walks out. The big cop's troubled stare follows him all the way out the door.

EXT. SIDEWALK. DAY.

Graham slips out a side door. In the distance, on the front steps, REPORTERS, PHOTOGRAPHERS, and TV CREWS, held back by manned barricades, SHOUT questions at the Commissioner.

Graham turns, striding away from all this fuss, when a SMALL MAN darts out of an alley ahead of him, SNAPS his picture. His face pops up from behind his camera.

LOUNDS
Will Graham! Remember me - Freddy Lounds? I covered the Lecter case for the Tattler. I did the paperback.

GRAHAM
I remember.

Graham keeps going. Lounds scuttles sideways ahead of him.

LOUNDS
When did they call you in, Will? What've you got? Think maybe the Tooth Fairy will be an even bigger story than Lecter? Hell, he's already beaten Lecter's score -

Graham moves swiftly, forcing Lounds up against the wall. His face is scary, but his voice stays low, very intense.

GRAHAM
Lounds, you write lying shit and The National Tattler is an asswipe. Keep away from me.

A hand grabs Graham's shoulder from behind. It's Crawford. He pulls Graham, with some effort, away from the reporter.

CRAWFORD
Get away, Lounds. Go on. Will, let's get some breakfast. Come on, Will.

They move away, down the sidewalk, walking swiftly. Lounds is undaunted. Stands there cockily, shouting after them.

LOUNDS
How 'bout an exclusive...? Hey! I can help you guys!

INT. COFFEE SHOP. DAY.

A MOTHER tries to soothe her restless TODDLER. At another table, A FAMILY eats pancakes. WAITERS come and go. Normal people, far from the world of slaughter.

GRAHAM (O.S.)
I'm not a freak, Jack.

CRAWFORD (O.S.)
Nobody said you were.

Crawford and Graham sit nearby, in a booth. Graham is watching the mother and child. He's still upset.

GRAHAM
The evidence was there. It was right there for anybody to see.

CRAWFORD
But nobody else did.
(off Graham's look)
All I'm saying is, that was very good work you did last night.

GRAHAM
(shakes his head)
Last night I almost lost it. Alone, in that house... I wasn't the same, Jack. Whatever I once had, or you think I had, it's not there now.

CRAWFORD
Listen, when we catch this scumbag, that print plus his teeth will burn him. You did that, Will.

GRAHAM
Not good enough. Or fast enough. I need help, Jack. I need a better read on this guy, and quickly.

CRAWFORD
What's on your mind?

GRAHAM
(reluctantly)
I hate this. I hate it. I lay awake last night, wishing to God there was any other way... But his insights are unique. Nobody else can possibly duplicate them.

CRAWFORD
Whose insights?

GRAHAM
The smartest man we know.

Crawford's face changes as he realizes who Graham means.

CRAWFORD
Jesus, Will. You think you're ready for that?

GRAHAM
No. And I never will be.

He glances again at the family eating pancakes.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
But better now than after the next full moon.

EXT. INSANE ASYLUM. DAY.

A grim Victorian pile of a building looms out of misty rain. Meshed and barred windows, razor wire-topped fencing, and a security checkpoint, manned by uniformed GUARDS.

SUPER TITLE: BALTIMORE STATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE.

CHILTON (V.O.)
As a research subject, Lecter has proven most disappointing...

INT. DR. CHILTON'S OFFICE. DAY.

Perched behind his ornate desk, eyeing Graham greedily, is DR. FREDERICK CHILTON, the hospital's Chief of Staff.

CHILTON
He's simply impenetrable to psychological testing. Rohrshach, Thematic Apperception - he folds them into origamis. As you see.

Graham glances politely at an elaborate paper swan.

CHILTON (CONT'D)
So you can imagine the stir your little visit is causing among my staff, Mr. Graham. If you'd care to share some insights -

GRAHAM
Dr. Chilton, I'm sorry. But I've got a 4:17 flight back to Atlanta.

CHILTON
(sniffs)
Of course.

INT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR. UPPER FLOOR. DAY.

A heavy steel gate CLANGS shut behind Graham, the BOLT shooting home. He's carrying a thick manila file. Chilton walks ahead, still peevish. He glances back at the file.

CHILTON
No paperclips in there? No staples, brads, or ring binders?

GRAHAM
I've read the security protocols, Dr. Chilton.

CHILTON
Then see that you observe them.
(a thin smile)
Though perhaps it's gratuitous to warn you, of all people, about how dangerous he can be.

INT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR. LOWER FLOOR. DAY.

They're descending into darker, danker regions. Sweating stone walls. Distant BANGINGS, forlorn, echoing CRIES.

CHILTON
Tell me, when you saw Lecter's murders, their "style," so to speak, were you able perhaps to reconstruct his fantasies? And if so, did you jot down any impressions?

Graham doesn't reply. Another steel gate CREAKS open and he goes through. Chilton follows, irritated.

INT. SECURITY STRONGHOLD. DAY.

Graham hands his .44 to a GUARD, as ANOTHER passes a wand over him, while a THIRD examines the contents of his manila folder. A FOURTH GUARD watches monitors. In locked cases are guns, mouthpieces, Mace, restraints, and padded gloves.

CHILTON
(lowers his voice)
Let me be frank, Mr. Graham. The first definitive analysis of Lecter will be a publisher's wet dream. I'd give you full credit, of course.

One guard nods to another, who pushes a button. A final, massive steel door WHOOSHES open, and Graham, after taking back his manila file, walks through into a dark corridor. Chilton can no longer contain himself.

CHILTON (CONT'D)
Damn it, man, you must have some advice. What was your trick?

GRAHAM
I let him kill me.

The closing door erases Chilton's bewildered reaction.

INT. LECTER'S CORRIDOR, THEN CELL. DAY.

Graham turns, looks down the corridor. The cells to either side are dark; only at the far end is one lit.

Graham takes a breath, gathers himself. Then walks quietly in that direction. Shadowy FIGURES, low MUTTERINGS in the barred cells he is passing...

Lecter's is different: higher security. A thick barrier of plastic, with a pass-through tray. Inside, a bolted-down sink, toilet, table and bookcase, with many softcover books. The Doctor lies on a cot, turned to the wall, apparently asleep. An issue of Italian Vogue lies open beside him.

Graham is looking at Lecter's back, trying to master his dread, when he's startled by the soft, abrupt VOICE.

LECTER
That's the same atrocious aftershave you wore in court.

GRAHAM
I keep getting it for Christmas.

LECTER
Christmas, yes.

He rolls over, opens his eyes. The pale irises rake Graham.

LECTER (CONT'D)
Did you get my card?

GRAHAM
I got it. Thank you.

LECTER
So nice of the Bureau's crime lab to forward that. It would help if I had your home address.

GRAHAM
Dr. Bloom sent me your article on surgical addiction in The Journal of Clinical Psychiatry.

LECTER
And?

GRAHAM
Very interesting, even to a layman.

Lecter picks up his magazine, then rises politely.

LECTER
A layman. Layman... Interesting term. So many learned fellows going about. So many experts on government grants. And you say you're a layman. But it was you who caught me, wasn't it, Will?

GRAHAM
I need your advice, Dr. Lecter.

Lecter crosses, returning his magazine to its tidy shelf.

LECTER
Yes, I thought so. Birmingham and Atlanta. You want to know how he's choosing them, don't you?

GRAHAM
I thought you'd have some ideas. I'm asking you to tell me what they are.

LECTER
Why should I?

GRAHAM
There are things you don't have. Research materials. Maybe even computer access. I'd speak to the Chief of Staff.

LECTER
Ah yes. Dr. Chilton. Gruesome, isn't he? Fumbles at your head like a freshman pulling at a panty girdle. If you recall, Will, our last collaboration ended rather messily.

GRAHAM
(pause)
You'd get to see the file on this case. And there's another reason.

LECTER
I'm all ears.

GRAHAM
I thought you might be curious to find out if you're smarter than the person I'm looking for.

Lecter turns. Comes closer, staring into Graham's eyes.

LECTER
Then, by implication, you think you're smarter than I am, since you caught me.

GRAHAM
No. I know I'm not smarter than you.

LECTER
Then how did you catch me, Will?

GRAHAM
Luck. Intuition. And you had - disadvantages.

LECTER
What disadvantages?

GRAHAM
You're insane.

Something flickers and dies behind the strange pale eyes.

LECTER
You're very tan, Will. Your hands are rough. They don't look like a cop's hands anymore. That shaving lotion is something a child would select. It has a ship on the bottle, doesn't it? How is young Josh? And the lovely Molly...? They're always in my thoughts, you know.

Graham doesn't flinch, though Lecter's eyes claw his.

LECTER (CONT'D)
You won't persuade me with appeals to my intellectual vanity.

GRAHAM
I don't think I'll persuade you at all. You'll do it or you won't.

LECTER
Is that the file?

GRAHAM
Yes.

LECTER
With photos? Give me those, and I might consider it.

Graham is sickened by his sudden avidity.

GRAHAM
No.

LECTER
Do you dream much, Will?

GRAHAM
Good-bye, Dr. Lecter.

LECTER
You haven't threatened to take away my books yet.

Graham walks away. Lecter raises his voice.

LECTER (CONT'D)
The entire file, then. Lend it to me. I'll tell you what I think.

Graham pauses. Then returns, looks at him.

LECTER (CONT'D)
I'll need an hour. And privacy.

After a moment Graham stuffs his file into the pass-through, SLAMS it in. Lecter looks at the folder a moment, then runs a finger lovingly across its cover. He smiles brightly.

LECTER (CONT'D)
Just like old times, eh, Will?

INT. SAME CORRIDOR AND CELL. AN HOUR LATER.

The file lies open on Lecter's table. He stares down at the pages, his eyes filmed with thought. A pause.

LECTER
This is a very shy boy, Will. I'd love to meet him... Have you considered the possibility that he's disfigured? Or that he may believe he's disfigured?

Graham, in the corridor, now sits in a folding chair.

GRAHAM
The mirrors.

LECTER
Yes. You notice he smashes all the mirrors in the houses, not just enough to get the pieces he wants. And of course those shards in their eyes - so he can see himself there.

GRAHAM
That's interesting.

LECTER
It's not "interesting." You'd thought of that before.

GRAHAM
I had considered it. What about the women?

LECTER
Dead, they're mere puppets. You need to see them <u>living</u>, Will. The way they caught his eye.

GRAHAM
That's impossible.

LECTER
Almost. Not quite. What were the yards like?

GRAHAM
Big backyards, fenced, with some hedges. Why?

LECTER
Because, my dear Will, if this pilgrim feels a special relationship with the moon, he might like to go outside and look at it. Have you seen blood in the moonlight, Will? It appears quite black. If one were nude, say, it would be better to have outdoor privacy for that sort of thing.

GRAHAM
You think the yard might be a factor when he selects victims?

LECTER
Oh yes. And there will be more of them, of course. You'll be wanting lots of these little chin-wags.

GRAHAM
I may not have time.

LECTER
I do. I have oodles.

GRAHAM
I need your opinion now.

LECTER
Yes? Then here's one. You stink of fear. Under that cheap lotion.

GRAHAM
Good-bye, Dr. Lecter.

LECTER
(his voice rising)
You stink of fear, Will...

Graham gets up abruptly, starting away.

LECTER (CONT'D)
But you're not a coward.

His words pin Graham in place. Each one drilling into his back, like tiny, precise darts.

LECTER (CONT'D)
You fear me, but still came here. Fear this shy boy, yet still you seek him out... Don't you understand, Will? Without imagination, we'd be just like all those other dullards. Fear is the price of your instrument. I can help you to bear it.

Graham turns, looks at him. Tries to steady his voice.

GRAHAM
Are you never afraid of anything, Dr. Lecter?

LECTER
Yes, I fear being bored. In that context you are less frightening than I expected... And now if you'll excuse me, good day.

He returns to his cot, reclines, shuts his eyes, and instantly transports himself to Caravaggio's Rome.

Graham, staring, feels like his skin has been peeled off.

EXT. INSANE ASYLUM. DAY.

Hurrying out of the madhouse, too fast, Graham sways, has to clutch a pillar for support. He gasps for breath, trying to clear his brain. Lecter still crawls in there like a fly.

TELEPHOTO ANGLE on him, and the rapid WHIRR of a motordrive, as a SERIES OF PHOTOS are SNAPPED: Graham leaning on the pillar, then straightening, finally heading for his car.

LOUNDS (O.S.)
Gotcha! C'mon, we're outta here.

The little reporter is staked out behind a van in the parking lot. He's with a PHOTOGRAPHER, who looks up from his camera.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Chilton's gonna want his five hundred bucks.

LOUNDS
Fuck 'em. Give him fifty.

EXT. JET PLANE. FLYING. DAY.

An American Airlines jet banks away from us through golden-pink clouds. Late afternoon, heading for Atlanta.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
You sure you're okay...?

GRAHAM (V.O.)
I'm okay, Jack.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
What do you think he meant by "see them living?"

INT. LEEDS HOUSE. DEN. NIGHT.

Graham, frustrated, shuts a drawer in Charles Leeds' desk. Looks around this cozy panelled room...

GRAHAM (V.O.)
I'm not sure. Maybe nothing. It's hard to separate his bullshit...

Plaid sofas, hooked rugs, bookcases, a model ship... and a big TV set, in a fancy wooden cabinet. Drawers beneath.

GRAHAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
But I want another pass at the Leeds house.

Interested, Graham walks over. Kneels to open a drawer. Sees a jumble of videos - kids' movies, grownup classics - and a bulky padded mailer. When he tips this, small loose VHS-C tapes spill out. He flips through the handwritten titles...

"POOL PARTY 6/2/86"... "SUSIE'S DANCE RECITAL 2/9/86"... "BOBBY'S BIRTHDAY BASH 12/4/85."

There's also a full-sized VHS tape, in a handsome plastic container, mocked-up to look like a Hollywood movie. Graham lifts this for a closer look...

The title is "FOLLOW MY LEEDS!!!" Glossy photos of the family members, with each face outlined by a star. The dog, a gray Scotty, gets his own star, too. Lettering at the bottom reads: "A FEATURE-LENGTH VHS COMPILATION!"

INT. SAME. LATER.

On the TV screen, the tape's opening credits are just ending. Bouncy CANNED MUSIC underneath. The opening shot is the little Scotty, asleep in a big leather chair...

Graham glances down. He's sitting in the same chair - the dead man's chair. He touches its arm. Then looks back at the TV screen...

SOUND of a door opening. The dog jumps up, tail wagging, trots towards the kitchen. VIDEO CAMERA FOLLOWS him, UNSTEADILY. The back door opens and Mrs. Leeds comes in with groceries. The lattice, behind her, hides the yard.

CHARLES LEEDS (O.S.)
Annnd... action!

She blinks, laughs in surprise, as the three children rush in past her, in a noisy, squabbling tangle, and disappear. She sets her bag down on a counter.

VALERIE LEEDS
I am not ready for my closeup, Mr. DeMille.

She leans over, shakes out her tousled hair, combing with her fingers, then straightens, striking a mock-glamorous pose. The gesture is touching, oddly intimate.

Graham, watching, feels his heart pierced.

INT. GRAHAM HOUSE, FLORIDA. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Molly wakens to her RINGING phone. Picks it up, glancing at her clock. 12:34. Outside her window, distant surf.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
Hello, hotshot.

MOLLY
Hey, baby! Where are you?

INTERCUTTING -

as Graham watches his TV screen, with the SOUND MUTED.

GRAHAM
Atlanta. Birmingham tomorrow. Sorry if I woke you.

MOLLY
No, no, are you okay?

GRAHAM
Yeah, I'm fine. I just needed to hear your voice... How's Josh?

On the TV, a new scene, a pool party with family and GUESTS.

MOLLY
He's good. We found some turtle eggs on the beach this morning. Wanna have phone sex?

The VIDEO CAMERA SNEAKS UP on Mrs. Leeds, very sexy in a floral bathing suit, as she chats with a WOMAN FRIEND...

GRAHAM
I don't think I could stand it. I think maybe we better not do that.

MOLLY
Okay. You don't mind if we think about it, though?

CAMERA ZOOMS IN on Mrs. Leeds' cleavage, BLURRING a bit. She laughs, getting up, blocks the lens with her hand, saying something in protest.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
(after a pause)
Baby? You still there...?

GRAHAM
Absolutely not. I mean, yeah... I don't mind if we think about it.

MOLLY
You're tired.
(MORE)

MOLLY (CONT'D)
(pause)
I hate this, Will. I hate this so much, but I know you have to do it. It's costing you, too, I know that... Just promise you'll keep yourself safe, and come home to us as fast as you can.

GRAHAM
I will. I love you, Molly.

MOLLY
I love you too, sweetheart.

Graham gently hangs up the phone.

ON THE TV SCREEN, the ANGLE SHIFTS, BLURS a moment, then AUTO-FOCUSES, as Leeds extends the camera in one hand, pointed backwards, to catch himself and his wife kissing. Their guests silently laugh and applaud.

Graham stares at the TV screen, haunted by this image...

EXT. JACOBI HOUSE. BIRMINGHAM. DAY.

Graham, at the wheel of a rented Buick, CRUNCHES past a realtor's "FOR SALE" sign, then stops. He's looking at...

A big split-level, with small outbuildings, flanked by a white-fenced pasture. Behind the house, thick woods. A red van marked "SAFESHIELD" is parked in the gravel drive.

SUPER TITLE: JACOBI HOUSE. BIRMINGHAM, AL.

WORKMAN (V.O.)
Won't nobody get in through here again...

EXT. SIDE PATIO. DAY.

Graham, on a flagged patio, stands by a kneeling WORKMAN who is installing a wrought-iron security gate over a set of shiny new aluminum sliding glass doors.

WORKMAN
I'll guaran-damn-tee it. Not 'less they got a blowtorch.

Graham glances towards the front yard. Sees the entrance sign to the development ("STONEBRIDGE") and another big house, with good sightlines this way. He turns back, puzzled.

GRAHAM
Why didn't he break in down there?

The workman follows his gaze past some shrubbery to a set of concrete steps, leading down to a basement door well.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
It's more hidden.

WORKMAN
Hell, that door's flush steel, with deadbolts. Reckon he was in too big a hurry.

GRAHAM
(softly)
No. This one doesn't hurry.

The man gives him a curious glance, then looks at the murder house. He shakes his head uneasily.

WORKMAN
Helluva thing.

INT. JACOBI HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Graham stands at the center of an empty room, turning slowly. Bare floors and dead air, sliced by morning sunlight. No lingering vibrations of the killer.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM. DAY.

Folded dropcloths, an eight-foot ladder, leftover cans of paint. Nothing for him here, either. Graham glances into...

The master bath. Its over-the-sink mirror is new; it still has its manufacturer's sticker. He's looking at himself.

EXT. BACK YARD. DAY.

Graham walks along the back fence, studying the big yard. He pauses by a garden shed, looking at the ground.

A small, shallow depression. The location is marked by a fresh triangle of yellow crime-scene tape, tied to sticks.

Graham kneels, touches the earth. To one side he finds a childlike bouquet of flowers, dried and withered. It crumbles in his hand. His expression changes as a new thought comes to him. He pulls out his recorder, flicks it on.

GRAHAM
Jack. The pets are like - like foreplay to him. He killed the cat, then waited for the children to find it. He had to see that if he possibly could. But that meant waiting, maybe even for hours. Where...?

He turns slowly. Stares. Head-high brush runs out from the fence about thirty yards. To where the woods begin...

EXT. DENSE WOODS. DAY.

Graham has taken off his blazer. His shirt, under the leather shoulder rig, is drenched with sweat. He's on his hands and knees, exploring the dense carpet of pine needles and dead leaves. Something to one side catches his eye...

A thumb-sized branch, neatly severed. Brown withered leaves amid the bright green undergrowth.

Graham stares at this...

The white-faced end of the branch was clipped, not wind-broken. This needed some powerful tool, with leverage.

Slowly, slowly, Graham's eyes travel from the clipped-off branch to the elm tree behind it. Then up its trunk...

EXT. ELM TREE. DAY.

Climbing, already well up in the tree, Graham reaches for a thick limb just above him. Pulls himself up by it, gasping, then leans around the trunk...

Close by his cheek, the small stub of the clipped branch juts out. It was removed to improve the view.

His eyes examine this, then travel further up...

On the trunk, a patch of outer bark has been shaved away, exposing green inner bark. Centered in this is a curious carving; it looks like a stake piercing a hollow rectangle.

Graham stares at this, a long beat. Then hauls himself into a sitting position on the big limb, which juts out at a right angle. He turns, looks across the open air...

A clear view of the back and side of the Jacobi house. The cat's grave... the flagstoned patio, sliding doors... and then, on the second floor, the master bedroom window.

As Graham looks at this, he is seeing, in his mind's eye...

GRAHAM'S IMAGINATION - KILLER'S POV -

Night. The moonlit house. A bright square of window. MRS. JACOBI, hair wet from her shower, walks across the room. Passing the window, she starts to slip off her bathrobe...

GRAHAM (V.O.)
You watched the children bury the cat. Then you waited for darkness...

Graham, staring at the same window in daylight, whispers.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
To pass the time, you carved that. What does it mean...?

He looks again at the symbol. His face taut. Whispers.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Help me. Help me a little... Show me how to find you.

CLOSER on the strange carving, until it FILLS THE SCREEN...

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD. DAY.

A weathered sign CREAKS in the wind. A jagged crack down its middle makes it resemble the tree carving. Its peeling letters read "DOL--HYDE/ NUR--ING/ H-ME." Beyond this, a gravel road slithers up a low rise to an old country-Gothic house.

SUPER TITLE: ST.CHARLES, MO.

EXT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE. VERANDAH. DAY.

A verandah surrounds the tall, once-grand house. Down its crumbling length, ancient rocking chairs stir in the breeze, ridden by ghosts. MOVING ANGLE, past these, approaching the front door, as we hear a LITTLE BOY'S VOICE, oddly muffled, wet-sounding. And tearfully scared.

LITTLE BOY (V.O.)
Aayma. Aayma. Mleedse, Aayma...!

INT. FRONT HALL. DAY.

MOVING ANGLE, down the long dark hall, passing a LOUDLY TICKING tallcase clock. Ahead of us, an archway, opening off to the right. At the end of the hall, a grand staircase.

GRANDMOTHER (V.O.)
Oh! Oh! I've never seen a child as dirty and disgusting as you. Look at you. You're soaking wet...!

WE PASS an oil portrait of a stern, gray-haired old woman - GRANDMOTHER DOLARHYDE - wearing a 1940's dress. Her features and hair style make her resemble George Washington on the dollar bill. Her crooked teeth, revealed in a grim smile, match the dental mold we saw in Atlanta.

GRANDMOTHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Get out, get out of my bed. Go back up to your room...!

THROUGH THE ARCHWAY, we catch a glimpse of a former ballroom, later converted to a downstairs ward. Rows of dusty-sheeted cots, each with its bedpan still in place. A big TV set, a couch, and some armchairs are down at one end, along with two or three old-fashioned wooden wheelchairs.

LITTLE BOY (V.O.)
Aayma. Yur hurrnme!

GRANDMOTHER (V.O.)
Shut up. Filthy little beast. I should've put you in an orphanage. Grandson or not.

AS WE START UP the staircase, we are becoming aware of a new SOUND - a RHYTHMIC THUMPING, accompanied by LOW GASPS...

INT. ATTIC HALLWAY. DAY.

MOVING ANGLE, down a long hall, towards the open doorway of a garret room. The room is lit reddish, with swirling points of light, as if it were in flames. The THUDS and GASPS are LOUDER, accompanied by a kind of FRENZIED WHIMPERING...

GRANDMOTHER (V.O.)
Into the bathroom. Take off your nightshirt and wipe yourself off. Hurry up...!

INT. GARRET ROOM. DAY.

MOVING ANGLE, past a lonely twin bed and nightstand. Then a shadowy alcove with an old roll-top desk, the doorway to a bathroom. Overhead, a mirror ball spins, firing off reflections from a red spotlight...

GRANDMOTHER (V.O.)
Now give me my scissors from the medicine chest...

WE COME AT LAST to a workout area - barbells and a weight bench, where a thickly-muscled MAN, wearing gym shorts, is flat on his back, pumping iron. He GASPS, punishing himself to some new standard of perfection. He wears a stocking mask, rolled down over his face. His sculpted physique is reflected from tall standing mirrors.

GRANDMOTHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Take that filthy thing in your hand and stretch it out. Do it now, boy. Look down... Do you want me to cut it off?

The man on the bench WHIMPERS, remembering.

GRANDMOTHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Do you?

MAN ON BENCH
(whispers)
No, Aayma. No, Aayma.

GRANDMOTHER (V.O.)
I pledge you my word, Francis, if you ever make your bed dirty again I'll cut it off. Do you understand?

MAN ON BENCH
Yehn, Aayma. Mleeeeedse...!

The man CRIES OUT, then drops his barbell onto the uprights with a CLANK. He lies there trembling, drenched with sweat.

On his nightstand, two squat glasses, each holding a set of dentures. One set is the crooked yellow teeth that were once Grandmother's. The second set is "normal". Powerful fingers RECAH INTO FRAME, scoop this second set from its glass.

INT. GARRET BATHROOM. DAY.

CLOSE ON a shattered mirror, over a medicine chest, with many shards missing.

GRANDMOTHER (V.O.)
Look in this mirror. I said look!

SOUND of SHATTERING GLASS. The BOY'S VOICE CRIES OUT.

After a moment, the GROWNUP MAN steps in front of the mirror. He has rolled the stocking mask up to his nose; we see only his lower face, weirdly fragmented by the mirror's missing pieces. His cheeks look strangely hollow. He has a surgically repaired cleft palette.

GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D)
See that ugly mouth? That's the devil's mark...

His big hand covers his mouth for a moment. We hear a MOIST CLACKETY SOUND. When it comes away, he has inserted his good, "normal" dentures.

GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D)
That's why no woman will ever love you. Except for me, Francis. Only me. Never forget that.

The straight white teeth gleam, just for an instant, in an awful rictus of a smile.

INT. GARRET ALCOVE. DAY.

A semi-human Dragon, on an art poster, looms over a reclining woman. In its niche above the old desk, lit by candles, this poster forms the centerpiece of a shrine. As we look at the fiercely-muscled Dragon, the GRANDMOTHER'S VOICE morphs slowly into a DIFFERENT VOICE - the deeper, more spectral, MALE VOICE of the DRAGON Himself.

DRAGON'S VOICE
NOW GO BACK TO BED. AND NO MORE SNIVELLING.

MAN (O.S.)
(whispers)
I'll be a good boy. I promise...

Seated below the poster, his back to us, is the muscular man. He has a close-cropped blond head and is now wearing a silk kimono. He rolls open the desk top, REVEALING camera equipment, a 9 mm. Glock with a homemade silencer, a sawed-off shotgun, bundled sticks of dynamite - as well as his huge black ledger. Carefully, reverently, he opens this. Across the first page, in hand-illuminated letters, we see again the words "BeHold A GrEat RED DRAGON..."

The man leans over, his face in shadows, and picks up a new clipping from a loose pile of newspapers on the floor. Carefully he presses this into place on a blank page...

Will Graham, in the photo snapped outside the asylum. Above this, Freddy Lounds, grinning in his by-line portrait, and the screaming Tattler headline, "INSANE FIEND CONSULTED IN 'TOOTH FAIRY' MURDERS/ BY SAME COP HE TRIED TO KILL!!!"

A red marker pen appears, angrily slashes out the words "TOOTH FAIRY," then circles Lounds' face. The offending page is turned, then a few more, before the thick fingers pause...

Hannibal Lecter, tuxedoed and suave, from an old pre-arrest society photo. There are many Lecter photos. He's an idol.

The man's thick fingers hover over this page for a moment, then touch the Doctor's face admiringly...

LECTER (V.O.)
He carved this on a tree...?

EXT. INSANE ASYLUM. EXERCISE PEN. DAY.

Lecter, in his prisoner's jumpsuit, walks along briskly. He's examining, with some interest, a photo of the curious symbol. It's startling to see the Doctor in sunlight, his pale flesh like a floater's.

GRAHAM (O.S.)
With a buck knife. Yes. The same one later used on Charles Leeds...

Lecter reaches the end of his asphalt pad, turns neatly, without looking - years of practice - and starts back in the other direction. He's in a long, narrow pen, like a dog run; its heavy mesh bristles with electric coils. At one end, a closed steel hatch leads back into the asylum.

Graham, outside this pen, has to walk quickly to keep up with the Doctor's pace.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
He had a second tool, too. A bolt-cutter. He used that to clear his view.

LECTER
But...?

GRAHAM
But I don't think that's what he brought it for. It's too heavy. Too awkward. And he had to carry it a long way.

LECTER
Mm. And what do we make of this?

Still striding, he holds up the photo.

GRAHAM
I don't like to admit it, but we're stumped. Any thoughts?

LECTER
Do you take me for a child, Will? Do you think I'm simple?

GRAHAM
All right. Asian Studies at Langley identified it as a Chinese character. It appears on a Mah-Jongg piece. It marks the Red Dragon.

LECTER
Red Dragon. Correct. This boy begins to interest me.

GRAHAM
Doctor, we don't know what greater meaning this symbol might have for him. If you could -

LECTER
Like my little cage, Will? My so-called lawyer is always nagging Chilton for better accomodations. I don't know which is the greater fool.

GRAHAM
We thought perhaps, with your insight -

LECTER
"A robin redbreast in a cage/ Puts all Heaven in a rage." Ever been a redbreast, Will? Of course you have. I'm only allowed twenty minutes out here, once a week. Get to the point.

He stops abruptly, turning towards Graham.

GRAHAM
I think he meant to use the bolt cutter to enter the house. But he didn't. Instead he broke in sloppily through the patio doors.
(MORE)

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
The noise woke Jacobi and he had to shoot him on the stairs. That wasn't planned. It's not like him.

LECTER
We mustn't judge too harshly, Will. It was his first time. Have you never felt a sudden rush of panic?

Graham is pinned by his gaze. The steel mesh between them suddenly seems very flimsy. Lecter's voice is rapid, harsh.

LECTER (CONT'D)
You sensed who I was, that I was committing what you call my crimes.

GRAHAM
Yes.

LECTER
So you were hurt not by a fault in your perception or your instincts, but because you failed to act on them until it was too late.

GRAHAM
You could say that.

LECTER
But you're wiser now.

GRAHAM
Yes.

LECTER
Then you wouldn't make that same mistake again. In the unlikely event, let us say, that you should ever encounter this pilgrim.

GRAHAM
Probably not. I think not.

LECTER
Imagine what you would do, if you could go back.

GRAHAM
Put two in your head, before you could ever palm that stiletto.

LECTER
Ummm. Very good, Will. I believe we're making progress... I'd like to see that video of the Leeds family.

GRAHAM
No.

LECTER
Why not?

GRAHAM
It would be obscene.

LECTER
You don't make it easy, do you? Still, one aims to please. I'll call you if I think of anything else. Would you like to give me your home number?

Behind them, the DEEP RASP of the steel hatch sliding up. Graham turns his head, looks at it. Then back at Lecter, whose pale eyes have never left his.

GRAHAM
End of our session, I think, Doctor.

LECTER
For now.
(raises the photo)
This was only his first time. Already in Atlanta he did much better. Rest assured, my dear Will, this one...

He holds out the photo. When it touches the wires, there's a bright blue flash, then it bursts into flames.

LECTER (CONT'D)
...is no flash in the pan.

Graham turns angrily, walking away across the courtyard. As Lecter watches him go, his head tilts like a curious bird's.

GUARD (V.O.)
Go to the back of the cell, Dr. Lecter. Face the wall...

INT. LECTER'S CELL. DAY.

Lecter does as commanded, quite meekly, while behind him a PAIR OF TENSE ORDERLIES open his door and enter the cell. One levels a large-bore air rifle, while the other has a can of Mace and a phone, its long cord trailing down the corridor.

GUARD
If you turn around before you hear the lock snap, you'll get a dart. Understood?

LECTER
Oh, yes indeed.

The second guard sets down the phone, then they both back out quickly, eyes always on Lecter, and SLAM his door.

GUARD
You've got ten minutes to talk to your lawyer.

LECTER
Thanks so much. You're too kind.

BOOKSELLER (V.O.)
"Robes... Robespierre... Robin."

INT. BOOKSTORE. DAY.

Graham is at an information desk, where a pretty young BOOKSELLER with a flash of green hair is studying a copy of Bartlett's. She runs her much-ringed fingers down a page.

BOOKSELLER
"Robin, call for..." "Robin, fainting..." Ta-da! "Redbreast in a cage." Four-oh-six point nine.

She flips pages quickly, finds the right quotation.

BOOKSELLER (CONT'D)
"A robin redbreast in a cage/ Puts all Heaven in a rage." William Blake. Auguries of Innocence.

GRAHAM
Do you have that?

BOOKSELLER
Should have. We've got a book of Blake's paintings, too. Want to see it?

INT. LECTER'S CELL. DAY.

Lecter lounges on his cot, cradling his receiver. We hear a WOMAN'S VOICE on the other end of his line.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Psychology Department. Dr. Bloom's office.

LECTER
(on phone)
Oh, hi, this is Bob Greer at Blaine and Edwards Publishing? Dr. Bloom asked me to send a copy of The Psychiatrist and the Law to Will Graham, and his secretary was supposed to give me the address and phone number, but darn it, she never did.

WOMAN ON PHONE
I'm just a graduate assistant, Linda will be in on Monday -

LECTER
Gosh, I have to catch FedEx in about five minutes, and I hate to bother Dr. Bloom about it at home because he told Linda to send it and I don't want to get her in hot water. It's right there in her Rolodex or whatever. I'll dance at your wedding if you'll read it to me.

WOMAN ON PHONE
I don't know, I'm really not -

LECTER
Be a darling and flip that little rascal and I won't take up any more of your time. Graham comma William?

WOMAN ON PHONE
All right, just a minute... It doesn't give the address of his house.

LECTER
What does it have, dear?

WOMAN ON PHONE
Federal Bureau of Investigation, Tenth and Pennsylvania, Washington, D.C. Oh, and let's see... P.O. Box 3680, Marathon, Florida.

LECTER
That's fine, you're an angel.

WOMAN ON PHONE
You're welcome.

The Doctor hangs up. Smiles thoughtfully.

INT. BOOKSTORE. DAY.

Strange, ethereal images slip past our eyes - angels and devils, feverish colors - as Graham sits at a table, flipping through a large book of Blake's watercolors. Until one especially startling image makes him stop, look closer...

The same painting as in Dolarhyde's shrine. A horned, winged, thickly-muscled man-dragon, with human legs and a tail. He's poised in sexual menace above a reclining, helpless woman; she is apparently wrapped in flames.

Graham's eyes travel down to the caption...

"The Red Dragon and the Woman Clothed with the Sun, c.1803-05/ Brooklyn Museum of Art."

As Graham stares at this, struck by its eerie power, the cute bookseller comes up, glances over his shoulder.

BOOKSELLER
Weird.

GRAHAM
Yeah.

BOOKSELLER
Looks like a pretty hot date, though.

She smiles, flirting a bit. Graham smiles back.

EXT. CHROMA-LUX INC. DAY.

A large, flat-roofed, dun-colored building, nearly identical to all the others in this vast industrial park.

SUPER TITLE: ST. LOUIS, MO.

INT. CHROMA-LUX INC. DAY.

A HUM of MACHINERY as WE FOLLOW a cropped blond head, broad shoulders in a white lab coat, through a labyrinth of corridors; we catch glimpses of rooms dense with some sort of hi-tech equipment. Other WORKERS, passing in the hall, glance briefly at the blond man's face, then away, out of respect or perhaps uneasiness.

INT. INFRARED LAB. DAY.

A sign beside a door reads: "INFRARED SENSITIVE MATERIALS IN USE. NO SAFELIGHTS. NO SMOKING. NO HOT BEVERAGES." The red light is on above this sign.

A THICK FOREFINGER reaches out, pushes a button. After a moment, the light turns green, and the blond man OPENS the door, ENTERS the light trap, then RAPS on an inner door.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Come.

WE ENTER into cool, almost absolute darkness. A GURGLE OF WATER, the slight CREAK of a desk CHAIR. The blond man's voice is shy, cautious. Every word is carefully weighed.

DOLARHYDE
I'm Francis Dolarhyde. I came for that package of infrared.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Oh, right. Put your back against the door, come forward three steps, until you feel the tile under your feet, and there'll be a stool just to your left.

Dolarhyde moves through the dark. SQUEAK of the stool as he sits. The RUSTLE of her LAB APRON. Very close to him.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
The same "Mister D." who's head of Tech Services over in the main plant. Am I right?

DOLARHYDE
The very one.

WOMAN'S VOICE
I'm Reba McClane. Just a second more and we'll get you some light...
(a timer RINGS)
There we go. Okay. Lemme just put this stuff in the Black Hole...

A DOOR CLOSES on RUBBER SEALS. The HISS of a VACUUM LOCK. Then the slight SQUEAK of her SNEAKERS as she passes him. After a moment the lights come on.

REBA McCLANE stands by the door, smiling in his approximate direction. She has a handsome prairie face, a page boy, freckles. Her eyes make small, random, unseeing movements.

DOLARHYDE stares at her, surprised. We see his face clearly for the first time, even as Reba cannot. A white scar line runs from his upper lip to his nose, but his features are otherwise unremarkable, even attractive, except for his wary, predatory eyes. Hazel, almost yellow. They flash towards...

Her white cane, propped in a corner...

Then back to the woman herself. He can stare at her all he wants. A strange and wonderful freedom.

REBA
What do you need the IR for?

DOLARHYDE
It's for the zoo... The World of Darkness. They want to photograph the nocturnal animals.

REBA
That's great. I love animals.

She crosses the lab unerringly, stops by a refrigerator, opens it without fumbling, bends over to reach for something on the back of a shelf.

REBA (CONT'D)
I gotta warn you, though, this stuff is pretty sensitive. It can be mean to handle.

She turns around with a small shrink-wrapped package, holds it out in his general direction.

REBA (CONT'D)
But I guess I don't have to tell you that.

Dolarhyde takes the package. Disturbed and aroused to be alone with her. Almost touching... SOUND of the DOOR, behind them. They both turn as a co-worker, RALPH MANDY, pokes his head in with a breezy smile.

RALPH
Hi, Reba. Yo, Mr. D. Whoa! I'm not interrupting anything, am I?

REBA
No, Ralph.

RALPH
Listen, Reeb, it's startin' to spritz out there. How 'bout I give you a lift home?

REBA
You ride a motorcycle, Ralph. How does that help me with the rain?

RALPH
(winks at Dolarhyde)
Yeah, well, I thought maybe we'd stop off somewhere for a little sundowner.

Spots of color appear in her cheeks.

REBA
I've already got a ride.

RALPH
Sure I can't change your mind?

REBA
I can manage very well, thank you.

RALPH
Hey, that's cool. No problemo!

Before going, he leers at Dolarhyde, tilts his head towards Reba, then pumps his forearm lewdly. Hot stuff, huh? The door BANGS shut behind him.

Reba crosses angrily, starting to collect her handbag, raincoat, headscarf and cane.

REBA
If there's anything I hate worse than pity, it's fake pity. Especially from a walking hard-on like Ralph Mandy. Sorry.

Dolarhyde is startled, uncertain how to respond.

DOLARHYDE
I have no pity.

Reba pauses, looks in his direction. Smiles gratefully.

EXT. PARKING LOT. NIGHT.

POV ANGLE, through a rain-streaked window, as Reba follows a concrete divider across the parking lot, tapping the edge with her cane, until she reaches a bus stop. She stands under the shelter waiting.

Dolarhyde, a hundred feet away, watches her from behind the closed window of his van. After a moment he makes an unprecedented, impulsive decision. Starts his van.

EXT. BUS STOP. NIGHT.

Reba looks up at the SOUND of the VAN as it splashes up beside her, then idles. The window WHOOSHES down.

DOLARHYDE
Ride with me.

REBA
Thanks, but I take the bus all the time.

DOLARHYDE
Mandy is a fool. Ride with me...
(what do men say?)
...for my pleasure.

She is surprised, then pleased by his unexpected chivalry.

EXT. DOLARHYDE'S VAN. DRIVING. NIGHT.

Dolarhyde eases up to the curb in front of a duplex in a quiet neighborhood. Glances at her mailbox to be sure he's got the right address. Then, gripping his steering wheel tensely, he stares straight ahead through his wipers.

Reba, beside him, measures his quiet as shyness.

REBA
Want to come in? I'll fix us a drink.

He turns, looks at her. Her pretty face. Her unseeing eyes, glowing like mirror shards in the dashboard lights. After a moment his silence makes her smile falter a bit.

REBA (CONT'D)
Okay, then. Maybe another time.

DOLARHYDE
I will - come in.

INT. REBA'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Reba stands her cane in a corner and is suddenly free. She moves about with amazing ease, hanging her coat in a closet, dropping her bag on a chair, switching on lights. She's nervous, excited, not much used to men in here.

REBA
How 'bout a gin and tonic?

He watches closely, fascinated by her physical assurance.

DOLARHYDE
Tonic will be fine.

REBA
You're not a drinker?

DOLARHYDE
No.

REBA
I'll make us some coffee, then. And maybe a piece of pie? Karo pecan, it's dynamite.

DOLARHYDE
Fine.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Reba turns away from her refrigerator with a whole pie, sets it down on her center island, where Dolarhyde sits stiffly upright, on a stool. Nearby, she has started coffee.

REBA
When is the zoo project?

DOLARHYDE
Maybe next week. They'll call.

She goes to a wood block, removes a knife, testing its sharpness with her finger. She sets it down near Dolarhyde. He looks at the gleaming blade.

REBA
I love zoos. In fact, one of my earliest memories is seeing a cougar, when I was about five.

He stares at her with renewed wariness. She misreads his silence as tact, smiles appreciatively.

REBA (CONT'D)
I didn't lose my sight till I was seven. Piece of barbed wire flew up from a lawn mower and whacked me.

She spans the pie with her fingers, bringing her thumbs together to locate its center, then marks this with a tooth pick. She puts the middle finger of her left hand on the toothpick, her thumb on the edge of the tin.

REBA (CONT'D)
Could you hand me that knife?

He picks up the knife, feeling its power. Looks at her.

She smiles. Extends her palm.

He makes himself reverse the blade, placing the handle gently on her outstretched palm.

She cuts him a piece of pie, guiding the knife with her left index finger. He watches her handle the bright blade. Snick snick. She sets his piece out on a plate.

REBA (CONT'D)
Anyway, I've always tried to hang on to what that cougar looked like. Although by now, to tell you the truth, what I see in my head is probably not the least bit like a cougar.
(laughs)
More like a donkey, or a goat.

She finds him a fork in a drawer, sets that by his plate.

REBA (CONT'D)
Sometimes I'm not so sure anymore I really saw him... You know? Like maybe he's just something I dreamed up.

She stops, suddenly self-conscious. Looks his way.

REBA (CONT'D)
You okay?

DOLARHYDE
Um-hmmm.

REBA
You don't say much, do you?

DOLARHYDE
Mm-mmm.

REBA
(hesitates)
Let's talk about something for a minute and get it out of the way, okay?

Silence. She moves closer to him. He's barely breathing.

REBA (CONT'D)
I can hear you've had some kind of soft palate repair. But I understand you fine because you speak very well. If you don't want to talk to me, that's cool. But I hope you will... And I know what it's like to have people always thinking you're different.

DOLARHYDE
Ummm. That's good.

REBA
May I touch your face? I want to know if you're smiling or frowning.
(wryly, now)
I want to know whether to just shut up or not.

She holds her hand out, waiting. He stares at her, astounded. Then takes her wrist between his thumb and forefinger. A living woman, strange feeling...

He brings her fingers close to his teeth. How easy it would be to snap them off. Snick snick. He can't let her touch his mouth. He cannot. But by a great effort of will, he spares her life.

DOLARHYDE
Take my word that I'm smiling.

He holds her wrist away and releases it. Her hand settles to the counter top, fingers trailing like an averted glance.

DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)
I have to go.

She nods, sadly. He rises, heads to the kitchen doorway.

REBA
If I offended you, I didn't mean to.

He turns, looking at her. Still furiously aroused, at war with himself. But his voice is soft.

DOLARHYDE
No.

He goes out into the living room, and she listens for the CLICK of the LOCK as he pulls her front door closed behind him. She shakes her head wryly - what an idiot I am! Then, after a moment, puts her fingertips gently on the stool where he was sitting. Still warm. She smiles.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
I've been to their house, yeah...

EXT. FBI BUILDING. DAY.

The massive headquarters of the FBI looms over Pennsylvania Avenue as cars and taxis stream by. We hear OFFICE SOUNDS.

SUPER TITLE: J.EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D.C.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
But I still don't have much sense of what the Jacobis were really like...

INT. TASK FORCE OFFICE. DAY.

Graham is using a borrowed desk in a far corner of the special task force office. Walls and bulletin boards are covered with case photos, maps, lists, assignments. In the b.g., other AGENTS are also working phones or conferring.

GRAHAM
(on phone)
It would help if I could see some of their personal effects. Diaries, letters... Do you have those things, Mr. Metcalf?

INT. LAW OFFICE. BIRMINGHAM. DAY.

BYRON METCALF, an overweight good ol' boy, leans back in his leather desk chair, looking out his window.

METCALF
(on phone)
Sure do. Other than one or two little keepsakes that Niles Jacobi got.

INTERCUTTING -

as Graham glances down a file, ticking off the name.

GRAHAM
That would be... Mr. Jacobi's surviving son, by his first wife?

METCALF
That's right. As their executor, I keep all that stuff in lockboxes with the small valuables. Just till after probate. But Birmingham P.D.'s been all through it.

Crawford enters the task force room, spots Graham, hurries towards him, looking unusually tense and excited.

GRAHAM
Can you pack those effects and ship them up here?
(no response)
I hate to ask. It's a pain in the butt.

METCALF
Ah, hell. The probate judge is a golf buddy of mine. Just tell me you're gonna nail this sumbitch.

Crawford twirls a finger. Hang up, it's urgent.

GRAHAM
We're doing our best, Mr. Metcalf. Thanks... Thanks so much.

He hangs up. Looks at Crawford expectantly.

CRAWFORD
Will... a note, hidden in Lecter's cell. Sounds like a fan letter. It may be from the Tooth Fairy.

Graham stares at him. His mind already racing...

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
He wants Lecter's approval. He's curious about you. He's asking questions. I've already scrambled a chopper... Will?

GRAHAM
Does Lecter know we have the note?

INT. ASYLUM. LECTER'S CELL. DAY.

A uniformed CLEANING MAN is wiping down the sink with a wad of toilet paper. As he spins a new handful off the roll, two loose pieces of tissue come loose, settling to the tiles. He stares at the dense, spidery handwriting on them...

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
Not yet. It was found during a routine cleanup.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
Where's Lecter now?

INT. HOLDING CAGE. DAY.

Lecter sits on a metal bench, his back against a cinderblock wall. Quite relaxed, eyes shut, apparently daydreaming. His wrists are cuffed behind his back.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
Still in the holding cage.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
Can he see his cell from there?

Lecter's eyes open. Across from him, through the steel bars, is see a narrow band of corridor.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
No, but he's already been there almost half an hour. Pretty soon he'll start to wonder what's wrong.

INT. TASK FORCE OFFICE. DAY.

The other agents fall silent, looking towards the huddled Graham and Crawford, picking up on their excitement. Three of them - BAKER, RANKIN, and WILLINGHAM - drift this way.

GRAHAM
We've gotta buy some time, Jack. Create a diversion...

Crawford looks at him a moment, then grabs up a phone receiver. Punches one of the blinking orange buttons.

CRAWFORD
Dr. Chilton? Call your building superintendent or engineer, whoever's in charge. Tell him to pull the circuit breakers on Lecter's hall. Have the super walk down the hall past the holding cell carrying tools. He'll be in a hurry, pissed off, too busy to answer any questions - got it? And don't touch the note, okay? Graham's on his way.

He hangs up. Looks at the tense faces of his gathering team.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
We've got a note coming in on the fly, possibly from the Tooth Fairy. Number One Priority. It has to go back to Lecter's cell within the hour, unmarked. We'll need Hair and Fiber, Latent Prints, then Documents. I'll walk it through myself. Let's go, people!

EXT. WASHINGTON LANDSCAPE. DAY.

An FBI helicopter flashes by, with the Potomac below and the Washington monument in the distance.

DOLARHYDE (V.O.)
"My dear Dr. Lecter. I wanted to tell you I'm delighted that you have taken an interest in me..."

EXT. ROOFTOP HELIPAD. DAY.

Graham climbs out the door of the helicopter, ducking his head against the heavy wash of air from the still whirling blades. He's carrying a document case.

DOLARHYDE (V.O.)
"And when I learned of your vast correspondence I thought Dare I? Of course I do..."

He hurries towards Crawford and Baker, who's propping a door open. As Crawford grabs the case, Baker says something into his walkie-talkie.

INT. HAIR AND FIBER LAB. DAY.

The note, on two pieces of toilet paper, is now within a plastic sheath, clipped atop a light box. The top piece has a ragged hole where part of the text has been torn out. More of the text, near the tattered edge, has been inked over.

DOLARHYDE (V.O.)
"I don't believe you'd tell them who I am..."

On the second piece of the note, below the signature ("AVID FAN"), are two deeply indented semi-circles: bite marks.

DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)
"Besides, what particular body I currently occupy is trivial..."

A white-gloved technician, BEVERLY KATZ, squeezes a remote as her tripod-mounted camera FLASHES motordrive photos.

DOLARHYDE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
"The important thing is what I am Becoming. I know that you alone can understand this..."

Under a powerful magnifier, she reaches inside the plastic sheath with fine tweezers, removing a tiny piece of blond hair from the paper fiber. Carefully, with maddening precision, she places this hair in a glassine envelope.

Crawford, beside her, glances at his watch.

DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)
"I have some things I'd love to show you. If circumstances permit, I hope we can correspond..."

Graham hands Katz a copy of the killer's dental mold. She holds this up to the impressions on the note. They match exactly. She looks at Graham and Crawford, excited.

INT. ASYLUM. HOLDING CAGE. DAY.

The holding cage and the corridor outside it suddenly go dark. Lecter looks up, interested.

DOLARHYDE (V.O.)
"I have admired you for years and have a complete collection of your press notices. Actually, I think of them as unfair reviews. As unfair as mine..."

INT. LATENT FINGERPRINTS LAB. DAY.

Crotchety old JIMMY PRICE stares unhappily at the porous toilet paper as a TECHNICIAN scans it with a helium-cadmium laser. As the paper fluoresces, glowing smudges appear on it: oily stains, perspiration. No readable prints.

DOLARHYDE (V.O.)
"They do like to sling demeaning nicknames, don't they? The Tooth Fairy. What could be more inappropriate...?"

The old man, frustrated, turns to Crawford and Graham, shakes his head. Nothing he can do for them.

INT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

The BUILDING SUPER, in overalls, strides down the shadowy corridor, carrying a toolbox and muttering irritably to himself, as instructed.

DOLARHYDE (V.O.)
"It would shame me for you to see that if I didn't know you had suffered the same distortions in the press..."

As the super passes the holding cage, keeping well clear of the bars, Lecter's eyes follow him. The man's giving a pretty good performance, not overplaying it.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
The main thing, the first thing, is how Lecter was meant to reply...

INT. DOCUMENT LAB. DAY.

A new analyst, LLOYD BOWMAN, a thin, bespectacled black man, places the two parts of the note, with tweezers, between pieces of glass. Crawford and Graham hover nearby.

BOWMAN
How much longer do we have?

CRAWFORD
Ten minutes, max.

Bowman focuses a small TV camera on the note, then darkens the room till there's only the dull red glow of a lamp and the blue-green of his monitor screen.

BOWMAN
Instructions for answering were probably in the section Lecter tore out. Why didn't he just throw the whole thing away?

GRAHAM
It's full of compliments. He couldn't bear to part with them.

Bowman glances at him, intrigued. Graham rubs his temples.

BOWMAN
Now we can mash, just a little.

The tattered edges, smeared with ink, appear MAGNIFIED on his monitor. As he mashes the glass gently, these edges flatten, becoming less jagged. He's muttering to himself.

BOWMAN (CONT'D)
You're so sly, but so am I...

Below the words "I HOPE WE CAN CORRESPOND..." we can now make out, through the vermilion ink smears, fragments of writing. The tops of letters.

BOWMAN (CONT'D)
Aniline dyes in colored inks are transparent to infrared.
(pointing)
These could be the tips of T's here and here... On the end, that's a P, or possibly an R.

GRAHAM
Jack, there's only one safe way of carrying on a communication that's one-way blind.

CRAWFORD
Publication?
(Graham nods)
We know this sweetheart reads the Tattler. The stuff about you and Lecter was in there. I don't know of any other paper that carried it.

GRAHAM
Maybe the Tooth Fairy wants him to answer through the personal columns.

BOWMAN
Three T's and an R in Tattler.

Crawford and Graham stare at him. Yes.

CRAWFORD
The Tattler comes out this evening.
(MORE)

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
It's printed in Chicago on Mondays and Thursdays. We'll get proofs of the classified pages. Great work, Lloyd.

Graham snatches up the two pieces of the note, still sandwiched in glass, and puts them in the document case.

GRAHAM
Tell Chilton I'm on my way.

INT. HELICOPTER. FLYING. DAY.

Graham sits looking out a window at the Washington landscape as it flashes by below him. He holds the case on his lap.

DOLARHYDE (V.O.)
"Investigator Graham interests me. Not your standard gumshoe, is he? More alert. Purposeful-looking. You should have taught him not to meddle..."

INT. ASYLUM. LECTER'S CELL. DAY.

Special Agent Rankin, whose face we recognize from the Task Force Office, kneels by Lecter's toilet. He wears the borrowed overalls of a maintenance worker, but with white cotton gloves. Very carefully he's replacing the two pieces of the note back onto Lecter's toilet roll, exactly as they were.

DOLARHYDE (V.O.)
"Forgive the stationery. I chose it because it will dissolve very quickly if you should have to swallow it..."

INT. ASYLUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

Rankin slips out of the open cell door, slams it, peels off his gloves, then quickly grabs a mop from a bucket, just as Lecter appears at the end of the corridor, being wheeled back towards his cell on a hand truck, under full restraints.

The Doctor's masked face glides closer and closer, moving with eerie smoothness, as if he can fly...

DOLARHYDE (V.O.)
"If I hear from you, next time I might send you something wet..."

As Lecter passes him, Rankin averts his gaze. Lecter's eyes rake over him briefly... and catch sight of the white cotton gloves, bobbing from his back pocket.

INT. SECURITY STRONGHOLD. DAY.

Graham, Willingham, and Chilton watch on a MONITOR as Lecter's guards push him back into his cell, stand him upright, and

begin the careful unstrapping process. Rankin continues to mop nearby, moving gradually away from the cell.

DOLARHYDE (V.O.)
"Until then, dear Doctor, I remain your most... Avid Fan."

Graham and Willingham exchange a tense glance. Did it work?

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
The Tattler got an ad order that's signed "666." Baltimore postmark on the envelope...

INT. TASK FORCE OFFICE. DAY.

Crawford, on a phone, swivels towards Graham, who is just returning, accompanied by Bowman. Nearby, a fax machine is starting to CLATTER.

CRAWFORD
It's set to run this afternoon. Chicago field office is sending the text through now.

He hangs up and the three of them gather impatiently around the incoming fax. Finally Crawford rips it from the machine. He spreads the flimsy out on a desk. They huddle over it.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
(reads)
"Dear Pilgrim, You honor me..."

GRAHAM
That's it. That's it. Lecter called him a pilgrim when we talked.

CRAWFORD
"...you're very beautiful." Christ. "I offer 100 prayers for your safety. Find help in John 6:22, 8:16, 9:1; Luke 1:7..."

GRAHAM
Code.

BOWMAN
Has to be.

CRAWFORD
We've got -
(looks at his watch)
- nineteen minutes to get a message in if we can break this. The Tattler can't hold its presses any longer.

Bowman sits down, aligns the fax precisely with the corners of the blotter. He studies it intently as Crawford calls over Baker, one of the other agents.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
Tell Chicago to fax a second copy of this to the cryptography section at Langley. Then get on the horn with them and coordinate.

As Baker rushes to a phone, Crawford looks at Bowman.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
Eighteen minutes.

BOWMAN
I understand.
(pause)
It's something simple. They only needed cover against casual readers... I'm guessing it's a book code.

CRAWFORD
Book code?

BOWMAN
The first numeral, "100 prayers," could be the page number. The paired numbers after that could be line and letter. But what book?

CRAWFORD
Not the Bible?

BOWMAN
No. He's got "Galatians 15:2" here. Galatians has only six chapters. Same with "Jonah 6:8" - Jonah has four chapters. He wasn't using a Bible.

CRAWFORD
Then the Tooth Fairy named the book to use. He specified it his note. In the part Lecter tore out.

BOWMAN
It would appear so. What about sweating Lecter? In a mental hospital I would think drugs -

GRAHAM
They tried sodium amytal on him three years ago trying to find out where he buried a Princeton student. He gave them a recipe for dip. Besides, if we sweat him we lose the connection.

CRAWFORD
If the Tooth Fairy picked the book, then it's something he knew Lecter would have in his cell.

BOWMAN
Can we get a list of his books?

GRAHAM
From Chilton, maybe... No, wait. Rankin and Willingham, when they tossed his cell, took Polaroids so they could get everything back in place.

Bowman is already stuffing the fax into his briefcase.

BOWMAN
Ask them to meet me with pictures of his bookshelves.

CRAWFORD
Where?

BOWMAN
The Library of Congress.

He hurries out. Crawford looks at his watch, shakes his head.

CRAWFORD
Will, we're left with three choices and we've got to decide right now. We can pull Lecter's message out of the paper and run nothing.

GRAHAM
That might trigger a timing alarm.

CRAWFORD
Yeah. Or we can substitute our own message in plain language, inviting the Tooth Fairy to some mail drop where we've set up a stakeout. Or -

GRAHAM
Or we can let Lecter's ad run as it is.
(Crawford nods)
I hate to put in a plain-language message, Jack. Lecter would probably never hear from him again.

CRAWFORD
Yeah, but I'm leery of letting Lecter's message run without knowing what it says.

They look at one another unhappily. A beat.

GRAHAM
I say, let this one run. Meanwhile, we keep working on the code. At least it'll encourage the Tooth Fairy to contact him again.

CRAWFORD
What if it encourages him to do something besides write?

GRAHAM
I don't like this any better than you do. But Jack - it's our best shot.

Crawford finally nods. Reaches for his phone.

INT. TATTLER PRESSROOM. CHICAGO. DAY.

Copies of the tabloid RATTLE down a metal conveyor belt, dropping into open racks, where other machines bundle and wire them, then roll them along. Dust rises as PRESSMEN move about. The NOISE is THUNDEROUS.

SUPER TITLE: NATIONAL TATTLER BUILDING, CHICAGO, IL.

A hand reaches into the stream of descending newspapers, pulls out a copy. A PAIR of FBI AGENTS, wearing headsets against the din, ignore the front page news ("HEAD TRANSPLANT!", "ASTRONOMERS GLIMPSE GOD!!!"), flipping instead to the back pages, the classifieds, till they find...

Lecter's small boxed message, beginning "DEAR PILGIM..."

The agents exchange a grim nod. So far so good. They turn, watching the stream of newspapers as it heads towards...

Waiting trucks, where the bundles are being loaded. Some trucks are already pulling away, taking Lecter's coded message out into the world. The ROAR of the PRESSROOM now CROSSFADES to the RINGING of...

INT. CRAWFORD'S HOUSE. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

...a TELEPHONE on Crawford's bedside table, waking him. He grabs the receiver, then takes a quick glance at his WIFE: still sleeping. He rolls away from her, murmurs.

CRAWFORD
(on phone)
Crawford.

INT. LIBRARY OF CONGRESS. STUDY CARREL. NIGHT.

Bowman, exhausted, sits amidst books, scrawled legal pads, wadded papers, and propped-up Polaroids of Lecter's cell. He's staring at a copy of The Joy of Cooking.

BOWMAN
(on phone)
Jack, this is Lloyd Bowman. I solved the code. You need to know what it says, right now.

INTERCUTTING-

CRAWFORD
Okay, Lloyd.

BOWMAN
It says: "Graham home Marathon, Florida. Save yourself. Kill them all."

CRAWFORD
Goddammit.

BOWMAN
Yeah.

EXT. JW MARRIOTT HOTEL. WASHINGTON. NIGHT.

In the distance, beyond Graham's hotel, the White House is illuminated. Fountains splash on the Mall.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
Will, Bowman just broke the code.

INT. GRAHAM'S HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

Graham, in a tee shirt and boxers, sits up on the edge of his bed. He turns on a lamp, glancing at his clock: 1:23.

GRAHAM
(on phone)
What did it say?

INT. CRAWFORD'S HOUSE. DEN. NIGHT.

Crawford, still in pajamas and slippers, is now at the desk in his den. He's got on his reading glasses.

CRAWFORD
(on phone)
I'll tell you in a second. Now listen to me. Everything is okay. I've taken care of it, so stay on the phone when I tell you.

INTERCUTTING -

as Graham is abruptly on his feet. Staring, with horrified prescience, at his own face in the bedroom mirror.

GRAHAM
Tell me now.

CRAWFORD
It's your home address. Lecter gave the bastard your home address. Wait, Will.

Graham's receiver dangles, abandoned...

EXT. FLORIDA HIGHWAY. NIGHT.

Five police cars and a van - Highway Patrol, Sheriff's Department, and a SWAT team - race across a bridge over the Intercoastal Waterway, SIRENS SCREAMING and MARS LIGHTS FLASHING...

EXT. OCEAN. NIGHT.

A U.S. Customs launch ROARS over calm seas, throwing big white bow waves, as CREWMEN on its deck man a machine gun and a rotating spotlight. This light flares at us as they aim it through the dunes, casting eerie shadows...

INT. GRAHAM HOUSE. NIGHT.

A SWAT TEAM, shotguns propped on their hips, has formed a defensive cordon around the yard, as DEPUTIES emerge from the house, shepherding the frightened Molly and Josh. Still in pajamas and robes, they look stunned, more like prisoners than people who've just been rescued...

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL. WASHINGTON. DAY.

Preceeded by a PAIR OF FBI AGENTS, and trailed by TWO OTHERS carrying their bags, Molly and Josh emerge from a jetway into a lounge.

Graham is waiting for them. His eyes meet Molly's. She stops.

The bodyguards ease a discreet distance away, eyes scanning the passing faces, as Graham steps forward, a bit tentatively. She looks him up and down, then comes to him with a light kiss. Josh walks up beside his dad, a bit uncertainly. Graham drops to one knee to hug his son. Sun-reddened TOURISTS sidestep the huddled little family...

INT. LECTER'S CELL. BALTIMORE. DAY.

THREE BIG ORDERLIES are methodically stripping Lecter's cell of books, drawings, mattress, clothes - everything that isn't bolted down - and dumping these into a laundry cart.

Lecter, unmasked but strapped on his hand truck, is forced to watch from a corner. There's a curious grace about him, even in restraints.

At his desk, Chilton stirs some personal papers with his gold pen. Smirks at the Doctor, enjoying his humiliation.

LECTER
(quietly)
Beneath the yellow folder you'll find your latest rejection slip from the Archives. It was brought to me by mistake with some of my Archives mail, and I'm afraid I opened it without looking. Sorry.

Chilton reddens, staring at him. Then snaps at an orderly.

CHILTON
I think we'll remove Dr. Lecter's toilet seat, as well.

EXT. COTTAGE. CHESAPEAKE BAY. DAY.

AERIAL VIEW of a pleasant little whitewashed cottage, bordered by woods, with its rear yard sloping to the bay. Two unmarked SUVs parked out front. Golden light, almost dusk.

MOLLY (V.O.)
Is he after you now...?

EXT. BACK PORCH. DAY.

Graham and Molly sit on a glider. A silence.

GRAHAM
We've had no reason to think so. Lecter just suggested it to him.
(pause)
I hate this, Molly. I'm sorry.

MOLLY
It's a sick feeling.

GRAHAM
I know it is. But you'll be safe here. Crawford's brother owns this place. Nobody in the world knows you're here.

MOLLY
I'd just as soon not talk about Crawford.

She looks away. Josh is standing down by the water, where an AGENT is skipping stones with him. Graham follows her gaze.

GRAHAM
How much does he know?

MOLLY
Plenty. His buddy Tommy's mother had this trashy newspaper from the supermarket, and he saw it. It had a lot of stuff about you and Lecter. All pretty distorted. And that - place you were afterwards. That part really upset him, Will.

GRAHAM
God damned Freddy Lounds.

She looks at him, surprised by the cold fury in his voice.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Graham is helping Josh unpack his duffel, as the boy lines up his few salvaged treasures on a bureau. Something CLATTERS on the floor, and Josh picks it up hastily. A fish billy. He tucks the club under his pillow. Looks at his dad.

JOSH
Just in case.

Graham's eyes sting at the sight.

GRAHAM
You're safe now, Josh. Nobody knows you're here.

JOSH
Why would he want me to be dead when he doesn't even know me?

Graham is immeasurably saddened. Looks for the words.

GRAHAM
He's sick in the head, sweetheart. He can't help himself.

Josh digests this silently for a moment.

JOSH
Tommy's mother had this little newspaper. It said you were in a mental hospital, too. I never knew that. Is it true?

GRAHAM
Yes.

JOSH
You don't have to talk about it if you don't want to.

GRAHAM
No, I'm glad you asked. We should talk about that.
(pause)
What happened with Lecter, it bothered me a lot, Josh... Not just that he hurt me. That he fooled me so badly. I kept thinking there must be some way I should've known sooner. That maybe I could've saved lives. And then I quit feeling anything... I couldn't eat and I stopped talking to anybody. I got really depressed. So a doctor asked me to go into a special hospital, and I did. After awhile I got some distance on it.
(MORE)

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
And finally I put it aside and came back to you and your mom.
(pause)
He's locked up forever, Josh. He's never going to hurt you, or Mommy, or me. Ever again.

Josh nods. He seems okay. Looks out at the water.

JOSH
Chesapeake Bay, huh? Pretty cool... Think there's any fish out there?

Graham is moved by his son's courage. Scoops him into his arms. Josh returns the hug gratefully.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
Atlanta PD nailed him, Will. He had a fake Bureau ID and was trying to get the Leeds family autopsy photos...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM. FBI BUILDING. DAY.

Freddy Lounds, seen through a two-way mirror, slouches at a bare formica table, smoking nonchalantly. Graham and Crawford stare in at him through the glass.

CRAWFORD
When they busted him, he tried an outright bribe. Said he'd pay extra for the children.
(Graham is silent)
It's a Federal beef, so Atlanta kicked him back to us. Personally, I'd like nothing better than to see this dirt sandwich pulling five at Leavenworth. But maybe there's a better way to play this.

GRAHAM
Yeah?

CRAWFORD
Yeah. I think we ought to give him a story.

Graham looks at Crawford, surprised.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING. WASHINGTON. DAY.

An old brick apartment building, in a mixed, partly commercial neighborhood. We FOCUS on the third-floor corner unit.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
The Tooth Fairy is ugly, and impotent with persons of the opposite sex...

INT. FBI SAFEHOUSE. WASHINGTON. DAY.

Graham sits at a desk in a blandly furnished efficiency. Propped beside him is a brutish "artist's rendition" of the killer. Lounds, notepad at the ready, interviews him while a Tattler photographer records the event. Crawford watches laconically from the sidelines.

GRAHAM
Also, he, ah, sexually molests his male victims.

LOUNDS
While they're alive?

GRAHAM
Sorry, I can't go into details. We also speculate that he's the product of an incestuous home. No wonder this creep is such a loser.

He catches Crawford's eye. Crawford mouths: "Lecter."

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
That's one of the tips we got from Dr. Lecter, by the way.

LOUNDS
So it's true that Lecter is actually helping your investigation?

GRAHAM
Yes, he is. The Doctor is offended that such a bottom-feeding lowlife as the Tooth Fairy would consider himself in his same league.

Crawford drifts behind the photographer, craning his neck to study what he's framing. Lounds catches this move.

LOUNDS
Mm-hm, mm-hm. So, tell me about this place you've got here, Will. Your Washington hideaway.

GRAHAM
This? It's just an apartment I'm borrowing until the Fairy goes down in flames. I keep copies of all the evidence here so I can study it late at night.

CRAWFORD
Make sure the signs are in focus.

The photographer nods, FLASHING away...

PHOTO ANGLES: Behind Graham, down in the corner of the window, a restaurant sign ("HONG FAT NOODLE CO.")

and street sign ("31st STREET NW.") clearly indicate our location. Graham and the telltale signs are caught together, FRAME after FRAME.

GRAHAM (O.S.)
This is the only place I can find solitude in the... the...

LOUNDS (O.S.)
"...carnival atmosphere of this investigation." How's that?

Crawford catches Graham's eye. Nods: the photos look good.

GRAHAM
That's great, Freddy. Just great.

LOUNDS
Okay. I got enough.

He waves for his photographer to pack up. Smirks at Crawford.

LOUNDS (CONT'D)
Just remember, I scratch your back, you scratch mine. If my story draws the Fairy into some kind of attack on Graham, and you nail the scumbag, I get an exclusive.

CRAWFORD
Fuck you, Lounds. When we see the story in print, then we'll consider quashing your sealed indictment. No further deals.

LOUNDS
(grins, unimpressed)
Yeah, yeah. Pleasure doin' business with you chumps.

He breezes out, followed by his photographer. Graham rises, looking sourly at the artist's rendering. Shakes his head.

CRAWFORD
You okay with this?

GRAHAM
I feel like I need a shower.

CRAWFORD
I wish we had something better. But there's only ten days till the next full moon. We've got to rattle his cage. So I'll ask you again: are you okay with this?

GRAHAM
Better he comes after me than keeps his mind on Molly and Josh. So yeah, Jack... I'm okay with it.

Crawford looks at him searchingly. SOUND UPCUT - the SCREAM of a JET on its landing approach...

EXT. ST. LOUIS AIRPORT. NIGHT.

A 737 swoops in low and disappears behind terminal buildings. Late night, not much activity.

SUPER TITLE: LAMBERT ST.LOUIS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
We'll stake out this apartment and put snipers on the nearby rooftops...

EXT. AIRPORT NEWSSTAND. NIGHT.

At a sidewalk stand, bundled newspapers have been dumped into a pile. The NEWSIE, in his apron, is sorting and checking off his deliveries. His kiosk is still dark, shuttered.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
Also, you'll have a moving box tail, 24/7, in your car, on the street, wherever you go. You'll wear the Kevlar at all times. No exceptions...

MOVING ANGLE on a pair of black zippered boots as they approach the squatting newsie, stopping behind him. The boots' owner stares down at...

The front page of the Tattler, quartered by twine: "TOOTH FAIRY IMPOTENT!!!/ TOP SLEUTH REVEALS HIS LURID SECRETS," above a smiling photo of Lounds and Graham. Graham's arm is around the reporter's shoulders: best of buds.

The silent, looming presence makes the newsie uneasy.

NEWSIE
What is it?

DOLARHYDE (O.S.)
A Tattler.

NEWSIE
(twists, looks up)
You again. How many times I gotta tell ya, pal, you'll have to wait till I open? Come back 4 a.m.

A switchblade blooms in Dolarhyde's hand. Flashes down. The dealer stares, alarmed, as the twine on the bundle parts with a POP. A clean copy is plucked from the center, spilling the rest. Then Dolarhyde walks away, as his silver dollar RINGS on the sidewalk. The newsie rises, flushed.

NEWSIE (CONT'D)
Hey. Hey, you! I told you -

In three strides Dolarhyde is back. Right in his face.

DOLARHYDE
What. You told me what?

NEWSIE
(pause)
You got - a quarter coming back.

Dolarhyde turns disdainfully, strides away, as the man's frightened gaze follows him.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
What about Lounds...?

INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE. DAY.

Lounds, behind the wheel of his 280ZX, swoops down a ramp, then through the vast underground parking garage of the Tattler. He's evidently early; the lot is almost empty.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
Chicago's been given instructions...

Lounds SCREECHES to a stop, staring in annoyance...

A big black van is in his parking space.

Lounds climbs out of his car, leaves it idling, and stalks over to the van. A shadowy figure can be seen inside.

CRAWFORD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
They'll cover his apartment, his office at the newspaper, anywhere he's known to hang out...

Lounds bangs rudely on the van's window, then points at the painted words on the wall: "MR. FREDERICK LOUNDS." The van's dark window powers down with a soft WHOOSH.

LOUNDS
Listen, dickhead -

A powerful left hand fires out, grabs the back of Lound's neck, jerks his face forward into a soaked rag held by the right hand. He struggles a few moments, then goes limp.

EXT. TATTLER BUILDING. DAY.

The black van emerges from the garage, turns sedately right, passing a fat SECURITY GUARD, smoking under the paper's big front sign. As the van starts up the long hilly block, away from the building, a gray sedan is approaching from the other direction...

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
By Tuesday morning, when this issue becomes nationally available, we'll have all our people in place.

The sedan pauses as the fat guard crosses the sidewalk to greet its occupants: TWO FBI AGENTS in dark suits. One of them flashes ID. Impressed, the guard points helpfully towards the garage's entrance, and the sedan continues that way.

FADE TO:

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE. BALLROOM. DAY.

Lounds is semi-concious but oddly upright. His eyes flutter, then open. He's disoriented. Stares woozily...

The dusty old ballroom SWIMS INTO VIEW. Sheeted cots and bedpans. Tall draped windows darken the room...

Lounds tries to turn his head, cannot. Cries out softly as something tugs his hair. His eyes strain downwards...

He's wearing only underpants. When he tries to lift his right arm, we see his skin stretch. From the soles of his bare feet to the back of his head, he has been glued into one of the old wooden armchairs. He's fighting panic, even before he hears SOFT FOOTFALLS, approaching from behind.

LOUNDS
Who's there...? Where am I?

The FOOTSTEPS STOP. Ominous silence. Lounds becomes shrill.

LOUNDS (CONT'D)
What am I doing here?

DOLARHYDE (O.S.)
Atoning, Mr. Lounds.

Lounds is confused, thinking fast. Tries to steady his voice.

LOUNDS
I haven't seen your face. I couldn't possibly identify you. The Tattler, I work for The National Tattler, would pay a reward... a big reward for me. Half a million, a million maybe. A million dollars.

DOLARHYDE (O.S.)
Do you know Who I am, Mr. Lounds?

LOUNDS
No. And I don't want to know, believe me.

DOLARHYDE (O.S.)
According to you, I'm a vicious, perverted sexual failure. A "bottom-feeding lowlife" who's about to "go down in flames."
(pause)
You know now, don't you?

LOUNDS
(whispers)
Yes.

DOLARHYDE (O.S.)
Why do you write lies, Mr. Lounds? Why do you say I'm crazy?

LOUNDS
When a person... when a person does things that most people can't understand, they call him...

DOLARHYDE (O.S.)
Crazy.

LOUNDS
They called, like... the Wright brothers. All, all through history -

DOLARHYDE (O.S.)
History. Do you understand what I'm doing, Mr. Lounds?

LOUNDS
No, but I want to, and then, then all my readers could understand, too. But, but I have to tell you, man to man, that I'm scared. It's, it's hard to concentrate when you're scared.

DOLARHYDE (O.S.)
Man to man. Man to man. You use that expression to imply frankness. I appreciate that, Mr. Lounds. But you see, I am not a man. I began as one but now I am Becoming Other and More than a man. As you will witness.

The old chair CREAKS as it begins to turn.

LOUNDS
No! I don't want to see you.

He squeezes his eyes shut as he slowly revolves.

DOLARHYDE (O.S.)
Oh, but you must, Mr. Lounds. You're a reporter. You're here to report.
(MORE)

DOLARHYDE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Open your eyes and look at me. If you won't open them yourself, I'll staple your eyelids to your forehead.

Lounds opens his eyes, very reluctantly, and finds himself blinking into a glow of white radiance...

Dolarhyde stands before him, starkly lit by the beam of a slide projector. He wears his stocking mask, pulled up to his nose, with his "normal" teeth inserted. Now he slowly turns his back on Lounds, dropping his kimono...

His great back muscles flex, rippling the fantastic tattoo that reproduces Blake's monster. Wing roots flare over his ribs. The brilliant tail drops along one leg, curling about his calf. The Dragon turns his head slowly, looks over his shoulder at Lounds, with his awful rictus of a smile.

LOUNDS
Oh my dear God Jesus...

Dolarhyde pulls the robe back on as he moves OUT OF LOUND'S VIEW. A blank square of wall is left as a screen.

DOLARHYDE (O.S.)
Do you want to know What I Am?

LOUNDS
M-more than anything. I was afraid to ask.

Dolarhyde raises a remote control, CLICKS it. Blake's Red Dragon fills the wall, beamed from a projector on a table near Lounds. Dolarhyde stands behind him.

DOLARHYDE
Do you see now?

LOUNDS
I see. Oh God.

Dolarhyde begins to rapidly run through his other slides. CLICK. Mrs. Jacobi alive. Evidently a newspaper photo.

DOLARHYDE
Mrs. Jacobi, in human form. Do you see?

LOUNDS
Yes.

CLICK. Mrs. Leeds alive.

DOLARHYDE
Mrs. Leeds, in human form. Do you see?

LOUNDS
Yes.

CLOSE ON Lounds' horrified gaze, as more slides CLICK on, one after another. He is near tears.

DOLARHYDE
Mrs. Jacobi, Changing. Do you see?

LOUNDS
Yes.

DOLARHYDE
Mrs. Leeds, Changing. Do you see?

LOUNDS
Oh my God.

DOLARHYDE
Mrs. Jacobi, Reborn. Do you see?
Mrs. Leeds, Reborn. Do you see?

LOUNDS
Please no.

DOLARHYDE
No what?

LOUNDS
Not me.

DOLARHYDE
Why did you write lies, Mr. Lounds?

LOUNDS
Graham told me the lies. Graham.

DOLARHYDE
Will you tell the truth now? About Me? My Work. My Becoming?

LOUNDS
Yes. Oh yes. Yes.

Dolarhyde comes closer, hovers over him. Eyes flashing in cold fury through the mask's slits.

DOLARHYDE
I am the Dragon and you call me insane? You are privy to a Great Becoming and you recognize nothing. You are an ant in the afterbirth. It is in your nature to do one thing correctly: before Me you rightly tremble.

A tape recorder sits beside the projector. Dolarhyde lifts its microphone, clips it onto the chair near Lounds' head.

DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)
But fear is not what you owe Me, Mr. Lounds. You and the other pismires...

He squats, bringing his terrifying masked face very close.

DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)
You owe Me awe.

Lounds is near fainting. Dolarhyde switches the recorder ON, then looks at him again.

DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)
Now. Repeat after me...

EXT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Sunset; the sky over the old house is now a purple bruise.

DOLARHYDE (V.O.)
That's all, Mr. Lounds. You did very well...

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE. BALLROOM. NIGHT.

Close by Lounds, the tape recorder is still running. He looks drained, but more hopeful. He always was a good talker.

LOUNDS
You'll let me go now?

DOLARHYDE (O.S.)
Soon. There's one more way I can help you to better understand.

LOUNDS
I want to understand. I do. And I'm really going to be fair from now on, you know that.

No response, except for an odd NOISE. We've heard it before. The MOIST CLACKETY SOUND of dentures being inserted...

LOUNDS (CONT'D)
...Hello?

The old wheelchair is abruptly spun about, and Lounds finds himself staring into the exposed face of Dolarhyde. The brown-stained, crooked smile of the Dragon. Who now lunges forward, his fangs parting to rip off Lounds's lips...

EXT. TATTLER BUILDING. CHICAGO. DAY.

The fat security guard is out front again, at his sidewalk post, munching a donut. It's very early, no traffic. He hears a STRANGE SQUEAKING NOISE. Looks up the hilly block...

It seems to be coming from up there, over the brow of the hill. Getting LOUDER. Then shrill, high-pitched SCREAMING...

The guard's head cocks in puzzlement. What the...?

A human fireball appears, rolling down the middle of the street, trailing smoke and flames. It veers, strikes a parked car, overturns, one wheel spinning while flames envelope the blackening figure of Freddy Lounds.

LOUNDS' VOICE
I have had a great privilege. I have seen... I have seen with wonder and awe... the strength of the Great Red Dragon...

INT. TASK FORCE OFFICE. WASHINGTON. DAY.

The spools of a cassette tape turn slowly, next to a padded mailer. The mailer, sealed in a clear evidence bag, is addressed to "Will Graham, c/o FBI Headquarters, Washington."

LOUNDS' VOICE
He... has helped me to understand... His splendor and now... now I want to serve Him.

Crawford, his face dark, sits at the head of the table. Around it: Bowman, Katz, Price, Rankin, Willingham, and Baker.

LOUNDS' VOICE (CONT'D)
He knows you made me lie, Will Graham. Because I was forced to lie, He will be more... more merciful to me than to you, Will Graham.

No one wants to look at Graham. He sits a little apart from the others, staring at his hands on the table, as if they belonged to someone else.

LOUNDS' VOICE (CONT'D)
There's much for you to dread, Will Graham. The Dragon will snap your back... like a twig. From my... from my own lips you'll learn a little more to dread.

Crawford reaches out, punches the stop button.

CRAWFORD
That's enough.

GRAHAM
No. Let it play.

Crawford looks at him. Graham stares at the table. Crawford, expressionless, pushes fast forward, then after a moment punches play again.

LOUNDS' VOICE
...be fair from now on, you know that.
(pause)
Hello...?

SOUND of the wheelchair CREAKING, then horrible, part-muffled SCREAMING. After a few seconds Price reaches out, turns it off. Even the old man, forty years on the job, looks shaken.

A long, awful silence. Finally Crawford clears his throat.

CRAWFORD
This was my operation and it went to shit. I know that. So. We can let this tie us up in knots. Or we can learn from it. Maybe even use it to catch the bastard.

A glance at Graham, still far away. The others shift uneasily.

BOWMAN
(quietly)
He had to have a van or a panel truck to move Lounds around in that big old wheelchair.

CRAWFORD
Go on. Anybody.

KATZ
He had to already have the wheelchair, too. Or else know where he could get it, fast... It's an antique. Not the kind of thing you'd find around the house.

CRAWFORD
Exactly. Does it strike anybody that he set this up in one hell of a hurry?

They look at him. He rises, crosses to a wall map.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
The Tattler comes off the press Monday night. By Tuesday morning he's in Chicago, snatching Lounds. Either he lives in the Chicago area, or he's within a driving radius of - call it six hours.

He draws a big circle, in red marker, with Chicago at its center. Looks at Rankin, Willingham, and Baker.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
Find out, within this area, where the Tattler was available for early distribution Monday night.
(MORE)

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
Start with the airports and all-night newsstands. Maybe some newsie remembers an odd customer.

They nod, jotting notes. Crawford's energy, his ruthless determination, are lifting everyone's spirits a bit.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
Lloyd, this cassette. Enhance the audio, maybe you can pick up something in the background. Beverly, Jimmy, that wheelchair. I want the maker, date, possible sources. Think about nursing homes, the VA. Graham and I will coordinate from Chicago. You all know the drill; let's hustle.

The others rise, with Bowman taking the evidence bag and tape player. Crawford and Graham are left alone. A beat.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
You okay?

GRAHAM
Sure, what the hell. My cover was on time.

Crawford waits. Graham shakes his head. Frustrated, bitter.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
This doesn't fit his pattern, Jack. Lounds was a bonus. A chance to show off... But the Leedses and the Jacobis are what he needs. The answers won't be in Chicago. But they might be in Baltimore.

CRAWFORD
(surprised)
After what he tried to pull? Will, you can't trust one word out of his fucking mouth.

GRAHAM
I think Lecter picked up something in that missing part of the note. Not a name, but something. Enough to narrow the search.

CRAWFORD
Even if he did, he won't tell you.

GRAHAM
Not unless I can deal. But I don't have the chops for that. I have to be able to cut through Chilton's bullshit.

Crawford looks at him unhappily. A long beat.

LECTER (V.O.)
Congratulations, Will...

INT. LECTER'S CELL AND CORRIDOR. DAY.

Lecter smiles up through the plastic barrier. He's sitting on the floor, his back to the wall of his denuded cell.

LECTER
That was most artistic, the way you disposed of the annoying Mr. Lounds. What a cunning boy you are.

Graham sits on the corridor floor, close to the barrier.

GRAHAM
Your cell looks bigger with no books in it.

LECTER
Does it? I hadn't noticed.

GRAHAM
You will.

LECTER
I have other resources... Tell me, did you enjoy it? Your first murder?
(Graham is silent)
Of course you did. And why shouldn't it feel good? It does to God. He dropped a church roof on thirty-four of His worshippers in Texas last week, just as they were grovelling through a hymn. He won't begrudge you one journalist.

GRAHAM
Put me next to him, Doctor. The Red Dragon... You have the power to do that.

LECTER
You and some SWAT team? Will... Where's the fun in that?

GRAHAM
He'll have to take his chances, too. Roofs can fall on anybody.

LECTER
But not on Molly and Josh, I take it. Not yet, anyway. First he kills the pet, then the family. Freddy was your pet.

Graham's voice tightens. An enormous effort of control.

GRAHAM
They're safe now.

LECTER
Don't you know yet? No one will ever be safe around you.
(Graham is silent)
Clever work on his note, by the way. That blackout was an especially nice touch.

GRAHAM
What else was in it, Doctor?

LECTER
This and that.

GRAHAM
Put me next to him. That's what you've always wanted, isn't it? Give him the chance to succeed where you failed. Not once but twice... The chance to kill me.

Something moves behind the pale eyes, like sparks in a cave.

LECTER
Go on, then. Seduce me with your wares.

GRAHAM
Full restoration of your privileges. Plus computer access to the AMA archives. One hour per week. Under supervision, of course. This is a one-time offer. It expires the minute I walk out of here.

LECTER
Bit measly, don't you think?

GRAHAM
Turn it down, then. See what kind of terms you get from Chilton.

LECTER
Threats, Will?

GRAHAM
Choices. You owe the Dragon nothing. He failed to do what you wanted.
(pause)
I'm waiting, Doctor. Or maybe you've got nothing left to sell.

LECTER
A little sample, then. Why not? Seen the Blake, have you?

GRAHAM
Yes.

LECTER
No. You've looked, but not seen. Transformation is the key. The man-dragon, his ugliness transformed by power. He'll be a body-builder, of course. Look for a military record, with combat training. Look for extensive tattooing, and VA-sponsored corrective surgery, most likely to the face. And the woman, recumbent, clothed in flames... Look for childhood episodes of arson. He's a great believer, our Dragon, in the transforming powers of fire. Just ask Freddy.

GRAHAM
Thrift-shop material, Doctor. I want the real goods. How is he choosing the women?

LECTER
I've already suggested how. The answer was right in front of you. You looked, but didn't see.

GRAHAM
Dr. Lecter, just tell me -

LECTER
No. It's your turn. I asked you before for a small courtesy, and you responded rudely. Before I tell you anything more, you will make certain arrangements for me.

GRAHAM
What "arrangements?"

LECTER
Oh, nothing much. Shall we say... dinner and a show?

INT. DOLARHYDE'S VAN. DRIVING. DAY.

Reba sits next to Dolarhyde as he drives. His fingers tap playfully on the steering wheel. He's still high from Freddy.

REBA
Ready to tell me what kind of an "outing" this is?

DOLARHYDE
Nope.

She hears the smile in his voice. She's happy too.

REBA
You're just full of surprises, aren't you, D.?

DOLARHYDE
Yep.

INT. ZOO INFIRMARY. DAY.

DR. WARFIELD, a middle-aged black veterinarian, guides Reba across a tiled floor by one elbow. Dolarhyde is behind them.

WARFIELD
He's six feet away, can you smell him?

REBA
Yes.

WARFIELD
He's sound asleep, I assure you. Dr. Hassler is about to fix his broken tooth.

DR. HASSLER, in a lab coat and head mirror, turns away from his patient to smile at Reba.

HASSLER
Glad you could come, Ms. McClane. We appreciate the film, by the way.

WARFIELD
Two more steps... I'll put your left hand on the edge of the table. There. He's right in front of you... Take your time.

She is excited, nervous. Turns her face, searching.

REBA
D.?

DOLARHYDE
I'm here. You go ahead.

Gripping the edge of a steel work table with her left hand, she reaches out slowly with her right till it encounters a thick coat of fur. She flattens her hand, then moves it gently, tentatively at first, across an orange- and black-striped pelt...

Reba's face makes quick, jerky movements - blindisms - that she has spent years schooling herself against.

Warfield and Hassler see her forget herself and are glad.

She moves on, circling the table. Under hot lights, a drugged, sleeping Bengal tiger lies on his right side. Ten feet long, 815 pounds. Reba looks tiny beside him, so vulnerable.

Her hand trails down the tail, then over the furry testicles. Briefly she cups them, then moves on...

Dolarhyde, watching from the shadows, is tense with his own excitement. A bead of sweat trickles down his face.

The tiger's eyes are open. His tongue lolls wetly from his mouth, where we see a broken fang. Reba feels his ears, the width of the head, and then, very carefully, touches one of the incisors. She is flushed, elated...

Dr. Warfield puts his stethoscope in her ears, then guides her fingers downward with the diaphragm.

Dolarhyde stares, transfixed, aroused by the great beast, the woman's living proximity to such power...

Her hands on the rhythmic chest, her shining, joyful face upturned, Reba is filled with the tiger heart's BRIGHT THUNDER...

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE. FRONT HALL. DAY.

...which now CROSSFADES INTO the LOUD TICKING of a CLOCK, as Reba's cane, exploring, taps along the hall. It passes the base of the tall clock, finds the edge of the ballroom's archway, then open air beyond. She mutters to herself.

REBA
Nine steps from the front door to the clock. Three more to this room...

She pauses, turning her face back towards Dolarhyde.

REBA (CONT'D)
Sorry, force of habit.

He looks at her from inside the front door. Astounded at himself that he's brought her here. The CLOCK ECHOES a bit.

REBA (CONT'D)
It feels cool and tall... It's a big house, isn't it? How many rooms?

DOLARHYDE
Fourteen.

She brushes against a fringed lampshade, touches it.

REBA
It's old. The things in here are old.

He glances up uneasily at Grandmother's portrait.

DOLARHYDE
Old people were here.

REBA
Not now, though.

DOLARHYDE
No.

SOUND UPCUT - Bix Beiderbecke's "Rockin' Chair," ECHOING slightly, as it is played on...

INT. BALLROOM. DAY.

...a wind-up gramaphone, to one side of the vast room. Outside the tall windows, the light is fading. Almost dark.

Reba, in a big chair, sips beer from a bottle, listening to the old-timey jazz. Dolarhyde sits on a couch nearby, uneasily upright, facing the TV. His palms rub sweat on his thighs.

REBA
That beautiful tiger, this house... this music. I don't think anybody knows you at all, D.... Everybody wonders about you, though.

He looks at her, his predator's eyes suddenly wary.

DOLARHYDE
Who?

REBA
Oh, you know. The whole gang down at Chroma-Lux. Especially the women.

DOLARHYDE
What do they want to know?

She catches the edge in his voice; it puzzles her.

REBA
They find you very mysterious and interesting. Come on, D, it's a compliment.

He looks away. His reflection stares back at him from the blank TV screen. This disturbs him.

DOLARHYDE
Did they tell you how I look?

REBA
I didn't ask them. But yeah, they told me anyway. Want to hear?

His face darkens; he's dangerously silent. She senses it.

REBA (CONT'D)
They said you have a remarkable body... That you're very sensitive
(MORE)

REBA (CONT'D)
about your face but you shouldn't be. That you're different from most guys, never a bullshitter. But I already knew that... Oh, and they asked me if you're as strong as you look.

DOLARHYDE
And?

The MUSIC has STOPPED; the NEEDLE SCRATCHES. A tense pause.

REBA
I said I didn't know.

He rises uncertainly, starts towards the record player. She drains her bottle, then rises, too.

REBA (CONT'D)
Where the hell are you, D.?

She steps forward, brushing against him. He freezes, alarmed.

REBA (CONT'D)
Aha. Here you are. Want to know what I think about it?

She finds his mouth with her fingers and kisses him, quickly, lightly, before he can stop her. Then pulls away as he stares at her, astonished.

REBA (CONT'D)
Now, would you show me where the bathroom is?

INT. BATHROOM. DAY.

As the toilet FLUSHES, Reba turns away from the sink, locates a towel. Then she pats her hair, primping a bit. She can't see that the medicine cabinet's mirror has been removed. She can't see Grandmother's teeth, waiting in their squat glass. Blackened by dried blood...

INT. BALLROOM. DAY.

As Reba navigates back into the room, the Beiderbecke is PLAYING AGAIN. Dolarhyde kneels by the TV, feeding a tape into the VCR. He rises, holding the remote, crosses to Reba. His voice sounds thick, almost frightened.

DOLARHYDE
I have to do a little work.

REBA
(disappointed)
Sure... If I'm keeping you from working, I'll go. Will a cab come out here?

DOLARHYDE
No. I want you to be here. I do. It's just a tape I need to watch. It won't take long.

He's steering her towards the big chair. Instead she releases his arm, goes to the couch, sits. This unsettles him a bit.

REBA
Do you need to hear it, too?

DOLARHYDE
No.

REBA
May I keep the music?

DOLARHYDE
Um-hmmm.

He sits on the other end of the couch. Looks at her warily. Then switches ON his VCR remote. He MUTES THE TV SOUND, as the Beiderbecke CONTINUES TO PLAY...

On the TV, a home video. KIDS in a big hedged back yard having a water battle, circling and laughing. TWO BOYS and a YOUNGER GIRL. This family (the SHERMANS) is new to us. Behind them, a large handsome house. A dog runs about, barking silently.

CAMERA MOVES SHAKILY to catch MRS. SHERMAN as she comes outside, through a screen door, carrying soda towards a picnic table. CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON HER... a beautiful woman in cutoff shorts and a skimpy halter top.

Reba slides closer to Dolarhyde on the couch. Their thighs brush together. He tenses. She smiles, snuggling closer.

REBA
What's it about?

DOLARHYDE
Some people I'm going to meet.

Reba leans her soft weight against Dolarhyde's shoulder. He glances at her uncertainly, then back at the screen.

REBA
So, then - it's what? - a corporate promo? Some kind of homework?

DOLARHYDE
Homework. Yeah.

In the video, another day. DAD on the rec room sofa with a beer, looking a bit drunk. Rain outside the transom window. CAMERA PANS to Mom and the two younger kids, rummaging through an old trunk. Dress-up fun in front of a tall mirror. Boas, big shoes, a cowboy hat. The oldest boy must now be the cameraman...

Reba stretches up to nuzzle Dolarhyde's cheek, the side of his neck. Whispers into his ear.

REBA
Good idea. It's so important... to be prepared...

Her hand is moving, down below. She smiles wickedly.

REBA (CONT'D)
And my goodness... are you ever.

He's tense, incredibly aroused. Sits very still, forcing all his attention on the screen, as slowly, carefully, Reba's hand strokes him, up and down, OUT OF FRAME...

In the video, Mrs. Sherman, in a big garden-party hat, turns, striking a pose for the CAMERA, her hand at the back of her neck. There's a cameo at her throat. Dolarhyde FREEZE-FRAMES this moment...

Staring at the TV, Dolarhyde trembles. Sweat trickles down his temple. Beside him, Reba smiles, facing the screen, her hand still working. His jaw tenses, his head arches back...

On the arm of the couch, his clenched fingertips pop through the upholstery.

ANGLE ON Mrs. Sherman's beautiful, frozen face, as the scratchy JAZZ CONTINUES, and WE MOVE CLOSER AND CLOSER on her radiant, doomed smile...

FADE TO:

INT. BALLROOM. DAY.

Dolarhyde wakes up, puzzled for an instant because he's not in his garret bed. His eyes widen as he remembers. He smiles shyly. Turns his head to the pillow beside him. No Reba.

He sits up, naked under the twisted sheets of one of the ward-room cots. Her clothes are strewn across the floor, but she's gone. His smile fades.

INT. FRONT HALL. DAY.

In a rising panic, wearing only underpants, Dolarhyde rushes out into the hall, looks up and down it. No Reba.

DRAGON'S VOICE
Francis.

He turns with a start, looks at the old woman in the portrait.

DRAGON'S VOICE (CONT'D)
What have you done...?

He backs away from her, frightened, and then has a terrible thought. He turns, racing towards the stairs.

INT. STAIRCASE. DAY.

Dolarhyde pounds up the steps, whimpering a little as he flings himself around the turns.

DRAGON'S VOICE
I've never seen a child as dirty and disgusting as you...

INT. GARRET ROOM. DAY.

He steps into the doorway, panting a bit...

She's not up here, either. His frightened face stares back at him from the workout mirrors.

He rushes across the garret to his shrine, yanks open the desk top. His great ledger, camera equipment, dynamite, shotgun and Glock are all neatly arranged, undisturbed. He backs away from the desk, wild-eyed, confused.

DRAGON'S VOICE
Do you want me to cut it off?

Dolarhyde looks up, wailing at the Dragon in the poster.

DOLARHYDE
Noooooo!

Covering his ears against the awful sound, he spins away, towards the window. Then he spots Reba, through the panes. She's down in the yard, wandering about, wearing his kimono.

DRAGON'S VOICE
YOU WANT HER TO BE YOUR LITTLE BUDDY, DON'T YOU? YOU WANT HER TO BE 'FRIENDS.'

DOLARHYDE
Mleeedse! Nyus mhor a niddow wyow.

DRAGON'S VOICE
"JUST FOR A LITTLE WHILE?" YOU SNIVELLING HARELIP, WHO WOULD BE FRIENDS WITH YOU?

EXT. DOLARHYDE'S YARD. DAY.

Reba turns around and around, trailing her hands on the shrubs and overgrown wildflowers. Enjoying the grass under her bare feet, the sun's warmth on her smiling, upturned face.

DRAGON'S VOICE
SHE WILL BETRAY YOU. KILL HER.

DOLARHYDE (V.O.)
No! Yur hurrnme!

DRAGON'S VOICE
SHE IS MINE...!

INT. GARRET ROOM. DAY.

Dolarhyde stares at Reba, the Dragon roaring in his head.

DRAGON'S VOICE
THEY'RE ALL MINE. LEEDS. JACOBI. NOW THIS ONE. TAKE YOUR GUN AND KILL HER!

DOLARHYDE
No! Eees iiiice!

Dolarhyde lurches to the desk, grabs the sawed-off shotgun, sticks the muzzle into his own mouth.

DRAGON'S VOICE
WEAKLING. COWARD. YOU WOULD STOP THE BECOMING? NOW, WHEN WE'RE SO CLOSE?

He squeezes his eyes shut. His finger tightens on the trigger. The Dragon's voice softens a bit, cunningly.

DRAGON'S VOICE (CONT'D)
NO ONE WILL EVER LOVE YOU, FRANCIS. EXCEPT FOR ME.

Dolarhyde lowers the shotgun, trembling.

DRAGON'S VOICE (CONT'D)
ONLY ME... NEVER FORGET THAT.

Still terrified, he finds himself staring at the printed words across the bottom of his poster...

"...BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART."

INT. DOLARHYDE'S VAN. DAY.

Dolarhyde pulls up in front of Reba's duplex. His frenzy has passed but he's still tense, darkly brooding. Reba sits beside him in a hurt, puzzled silence. Finally she breaks it.

REBA
I had a really terrific time last night, D. But this morning, you seem like a different person... I don't understand. Is something wrong?

He turns, looks at her. The Dragon whispers in his head.

DRAGON'S VOICE
KILL HER...

DOLARHYDE
No!

She is stung. With an effort he controls his voice.

DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)
I have to go now. I have to go away.

REBA
(surprised)
Where?

DOLARHYDE
On a trip.

REBA
When will I see you again?

DOLARHYDE
Don't know.

He looks at her yearningly, as fear strains his voice.

DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)
Reba, you have to get out. Get out now.

Her jaw clenches. Angrily she opens her door, climbs out with her cane. As he drives away quickly, she stands on the sidewalk, her face turned after him, tears in her eyes.

METCALF (V.O.)
"Dear Mr. Graham..."

INT. FBI BUILDING. CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY.

Resting on a long table are four big FedEx cartons, already opened. Some of the unpacked contents are spread out: letters, photo albums, kids' school notebooks. We catch a glimpse of a silver-framed photo: the Jacobi family.

METCALF (V.O.)
"Here are the Jacobis' personal effects, as discussed..."

Graham, hunched over the table, searches obsessively through the last carton. Something near the bottom catches his eye. His expression changes.

METCALF (CONT'D)
"Hope these things might help you. Good hunting... Byron Metcalf."

He lifts out of the carton a plastic ziplock bag. Holds this up, staring at the loose VHS-C tapes inside it...

SOUND UPCUT: Bach's Keyboard Concerto in F Minor, which CONTINUES UNDER the following...

INT. LECTER'S CELL. BALTIMORE. DAY.

Lecter carefully caresses some pear sauce onto a sliver of foie gras, then lifts this from its plate with a silver fork.

Lets it hesitate by his lips, an exquisite self-torment, before his tongue emerges pinkly to savor it.

WIDER ANGLE REVEALS that his cell has been fully restored. The Doctor is dining calmly at his table, which is covered by fine cloth and exquisitely set with bone china, a glass of wine, even a vase of fresh-cut roses...

EXT. EASTERN PARKWAY. NEW YORK CITY. DAY.

Dolarhyde gets out of a taxi, then leans down, pays the CABBIE, who drives away, leaving him on a sidewalk. JOGGERS pass him, DOGWALKERS. He has a knapsack over one shoulder. He turns, staring up at...

A massive Greek Revival building, with botanical gardens.

SUPER TITLE: BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART, NYC.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
Will - how many more times are we going to watch this...?

INT. FBI BUILDING. CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY.

A videotape plays, with its SOUND MUTED. In the tape, 9-year old DONALD JACOBI blows out the candles on a birthday cake, as his family watches. A time/date stamp reads "APRIL 14."

GRAHAM (O.S.)
"See them living," he said...

Graham grips a remote control, very intense, utterly focussed on the TV screen. Crawford is impatient.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
"Right in front of you," he said. "Looked but didn't see." Jack, it's something about these home movies. Lecter keeps saying that, just not directly.

CRAWFORD
Lecter says a lot of things.

On the TV, the SCENE ABRUPTLY SHIFTS. Now the whole family is outside; Mom has the camera. The outside basement door swings open, and MR. JACOBI comes up the steps carrying a new ten-speed bicycle, festooned with balloons and ribbons. Donald rushes over gleefully, hugging his Dad then wiggling the handlebars.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
Sad damn thing. But we already knew that. Will, we can't afford -

GRAHAM
No. Again.

Stubbornly he stabs the remote, rewinding. Crawford sighs.

MS. HARPER (V.O.)
Your dissertation must be nearly finished by now, Mr. Crane...

INT. CORRIDOR. BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART. DAY.

Dolarhyde walks down a corridor, past massive American oils. He's carrying a notebook, a hardback biography of William Blake, and has a special pass clipped to his shirt. No sign of his knapsack. He's accompanied by a docent, MS. HARPER, a sensible-looking woman, severely pretty.

DOLARHYDE
Nearly.

MS. HARPER
(smiles)
It's so nice to finally be able to connect a face with a name, after all our correspondence. But you know, you don't look at all like I imagined you would.

DOLARHYDE
What did you think I'd look like?

Something in his piercing gaze unsettles her, just a bit.

MISS HARPER
Older.

INT. LECTER'S CELL AND CORRIDOR. DAY.

Outside Lecter's cell are a PAIR OF CATERERS, in chef's starched whites, with a stainless steel cart. Both very nervous. One man warms veal on a chafing dish, while the other cautiously lowers the soup course into Lecter's pass-through. The BACH IS PLAYING from a portable stereo on a second cart. This also holds a TV set and VCR...

The Doctor, as he rises to take the covered bowl, comes face-to-face for a moment with the frightened chef. Nods to him politely: Thank you.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
(excited)
There. Right <u>there</u>...

INT. FBI BUILDING. CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY.

<u>On the TV screen</u>, Jacobi again brings the bicycle up the steps of the basement stairwell. The door swings closed behind him. A padlock hangs from it. Graham FREEZES THIS FRAME, then rises, crossing to point at the screen.

GRAHAM
That's what he wanted the bolt cutter for, Jack - to cut that padlock and go in through the basement...

Crawford looks over his glasses at the screen. He's got the case files spread open in front of him.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
But that's a different door... I don't get it. The one I saw was flush steel, with deadbolts.

CRAWFORD
Jacobi had a new door installed, sometime in April. The 24th, I think... it's in here somewhere.

Graham looks at him. Crawford's expression changes.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
You think he cased the Jacobi house while the old door with the padlock was still there?

GRAHAM
He brought a bolt cutter, didn't he? He was sure he'd need it.

CRAWFORD
Why would he case it two months in advance? And then not check it again?

GRAHAM
I don't know. But he was ready with the bolt cutter... Just like at the Leeds house - only there he was ready with a glass cutter.

CRAWFORD
He must've seen the pane of glass in the Leedses' kitchen door when he was walking through that neighborhood.

Graham's mind races. Something teasingly out of reach...

GRAHAM
No, wait... You can't see that door from the yard. There's a porch lattice in the way.

They stare at each other, as it hits them both at once.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Jack. He saw the <u>inside of the houses</u>.

INT. BROOKLYN MUSEUM. PAINTING STUDY AND STORAGE. DAY.

Dolarhyde stands at a counter-height work table as Ms. Harper reverently opens a flat black case in front of him. They are alone except for a single elderly GUARD, drowsing on a stool.

MS. HARPER
Remarkable, isn't it?

Dolarhyde is tense, almost trembling. They both look down at the case's contents. Ms. Harper smiles.

MS. HARPER (CONT'D)
Two hundred years old. And yet so fresh, so vivid...

The original Blake watercolor rests on black cloth. The Red Dragon and the Woman Clothed With the Sun. Small but powerful. Stunning in its color and detail. Like a glowing jewel...

Dolarhyde leans closer, transfixed. Ms. Harper glances at him, pleased by his passion. Then back at the painting.

MS. HARPER (CONT'D)
He almost looks alive, doesn't he?

INT. LECTER'S CELL. DAY.

With intense pleasure, Lecter takes a sip of blood-red wine. He glances up, over the rim of his crystal goblet...

A security camera, high in the corner. Its light is on.

The Doctor raises his glass in a silent toast...

INT. SECURITY STRONGHOLD. DAY.

ON A MONITOR in the security stronghold, Chilton watches as Lecter smilingly mocks him. He turns away, furious, then storms out, as the guards try to stifle their smiles.

The BACH SOARS LOUDER AND LOUDER, MIXING now with...

INT. BROOKLYN MUSEUM. PAINTING STUDY AND STORAGE. DAY.

...the SPECTRAL ROAR of the DRAGON, inside Dolarhyde's head as he stares, sweaty and trembling, at the Blake watercolor.

DRAGON'S VOICE
FILTHY LITTLE BEAST. WHAT HAVE YOU DONE...?

Dolarhyde's hand slips inside his shirt...

DRAGON'S VOICE (CONT'D)
SHE WILL BETRAY YOU...

Ms. Harper's whole attention is on the painting...

DRAGON'S VOICE (CONT'D)
DO YOU WANT ME TO CUT IT OFF? CUT... IT... OFF!!!

Dolarhyde pulls out a blackjack, slugs Ms. Harper over her ear. As she goes limp he catches her in his arms, eases her to the floor, then snatches up the watercolor, stuffs it into his mouth, chewing hard...

The guard is frozen in astonishment, as Dolarhyde turns, stares at him. Then swallows. The old man rises, fumbling for his walkie-talkie, as Dolarhyde races out past him, shoving hard. The guard topples over his stool, sprawling on the floor...

INT. BROOKLYN MUSEUM. CORRIDOR. DAY.

Dolarhyde runs down a corridor, past scattering, alarmed TOURISTS. He is exhilarated, joyous, invulnerable. Somewhere ALARMS ARE RINGING...

EXT. BOTANICAL GARDENS. DAY.

Panting, he glances around quickly to make sure no one's in sight. Then he kneels, drags his knapsack out from under a hedge, starts peeling off his shirt...

EXT. EASTERN PARKWAY. DAY.

Dolarhyde, now in a Brooklyn College T-shirt, gray shorts, and sneakers, runs out of the gardens with his knapsack slung over his shoulder. He soon blends in with the stream of other JOGGERS, SKATERS, and BIKERS, all merging into Prospect Park, as the first police cars race by, SIRENS WAILING...

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
Mr. Metcalf, do you still have the Jacobis' check stubs and credit card statements...?

INT. FBI BUILDING. CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY.

Crawford is on the phone, over in the corner of the room, while Graham continues to stare at the TV screen. The Leeds videotape is now playing.

CRAWFORD
(on phone)
We're looking for any kind of service call or purchase that might've required a stranger to come into the house. A repairman, a delivery guy...

On the TV, the Leeds' gray Scotty perks up his ears, runs to the kitchen door. Valerie Leeds and the children come in carrying groceries.

CRAWFORD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Yeah, I know we already checked that. But now we've gotta go back much further. All the way to April... Yeah, but please hurry, it's urgent.

Graham is muttering obsessively to himself.

GRAHAM
No collar... no collar...

CRAWFORD
(covers the phone)
Metcalf says -

GRAHAM
Don't talk to me!

Crawford isn't offended. Senses that Graham is very close to some breakthrough. He is rocking slightly in his seat.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Dog had no collar... Neighborhood full of dogs, but he knew which one was theirs... Same with the Jacobis' cat. No collar, but he knew.

Graham reverses the tape for a few seconds, starts it forward again. Mrs. Leeds and the children enter. The door is behind them. Latticework hides the back yard.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
(almost feverish)
He knew about the padlock... knew about the pane of glass... knew the layouts, how to get in... every goddamn thing he needed to know was right in... right in...

He picks up the plastic container that held the videotape: "FOLLOW MY LEEDS!" The family mocked up as Hollywood stars.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Oh Jesus...

He clamps his hands on the side of his head to keep the thought from getting away. Crawford stares at him.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
You still have Metcalf on the phone?

Crawford holds out the receiver. Graham rises, grabs it.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Byron, it's Graham. You said Niles Jacobi took "a few keepsakes." Do you have a list...?
(MORE)

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
I need to know if one of the things he took was a home video. A full-length VHS tape, compiled from shorter tapes... Yes...? "Meet the Jacobis...?"

As Crawford follows Graham's thoughts, picking up on his excitement, his eyes grow narrow and bright.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Listen. Their credit card statements - look at May, or June. Who did they pay for that tape? Where was it made...?

Crawford picks up the plastic container. "Follow My Leeds!" Turns it over to read the manufacturer's label on the back:

"CHROMA-LUX, INC./FILM & VIDEOTAPE SERVICES/ST. LOUIS, MO. 63102."

Graham looks up from the receiver. Stares at Crawford like a man who's seen a ghost. His voice is hushed, awed.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
It's Chroma-Lux.

INT. LECTER'S CELL. DAY.

Lecter, in his cell, is like a spider at the center of his web, keen to every distant vibration. Now he watches as...

On the TV screen in his corridor, Valerie Leeds leans over, shakes out her tousled hair, then straightens, striking her mock-glamorous pose: that touching, oddly intimate moment that fatally caught Dolarhyde's eye.

Lecter takes a tiny, delicious sip of her doom, sweeter than any sauterne. His eyes close slowly in ecstasy...

EXT. FBI LEARJET. FLYING. DAY.

A small jet races west, towards the setting sun.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
We've got a problem...

INT. FBI LEARJET. FLYING. DAY.

Crawford, looking worried, comes down the jet's aisle, drops into a seat next to Graham. Shows him a fax.

CRAWFORD
An incident at the Brooklyn Museum. Guy attacked two employees, and get this - ate the Blake painting.

Graham looks at him, startled, then takes the sheet.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
It was the Dragon, Will. Got to be. He was in New York, today... We could still turn this thing around.

GRAHAM
No. He lives in St. Louis. He's got to come back there. I say we keep going.

A long, uncertain beat. Then Crawford nods. He takes back the fax, looks at it. Shakes his head.

CRAWFORD
If that picture meant so much to him, why destroy it? And why didn't he kill those two at the museum? They both got a good look at him.

GRAHAM
Maybe he's trying to stop.

Crawford looks at him, surprised.

EXT. CHROMA-LUX. NIGHT.

In the parking lot of the factory complex, under sodium lights, Dolarhyde pays a TAXI DRIVER, who departs. He's back in everyday clothes, carries his knapsack. Freed of the Dragon, he looks happier, more relaxed than we've ever seen him. He starts towards his parked van. Then stops.

The buildings are mostly dark, the lot almost empty. And yet... five or six cars are clustered near the loading dock, by the delivery vans. A woman - a SECRETARY - gets out of her car, hurries inside. Summoned here hastily - her hair is in curlers under a scarf.

Dolarhyde hesitates, sensing some disturbance. Cautiously he follows the woman into the building...

INT. CHROMA-LUX. 2ND FLOOR CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

Dolarhyde edges around a stairwell corner, looks down...

A long corridor. Lights on in one of the offices, behind a frosted glass door that reads "PERSONNEL DEPT." Inside this room, SHADOWY FIGURES. INDISTINCT VOICES.

As he's puzzling over this, another noise, nearby - RAPIDLY APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS - makes him pull back, out of sight.

The secretary from the parking lot comes by him, in a hurry, carrying a heavy armload of ledgers. She reaches the door of the personnel department, pecks on it with her toe.

Will Graham opens the door for her.

Dolarhyde freezes, stunned...

The woman goes in, the door closes behind her.

Dolarhyde backs away, then turns, his running shoes quiet as he rushes back downstairs towards the exit.

EXT. CHROMA-LUX. LOADING DOCK. NIGHT.

As he pauses in the shadows of the loading dock, Dolarhyde's heart is racing, his mind whirls. How the hell...? He shakes his head, forcing concentration. Scans the parking lot, till his eyes catch movement... there.

A MAN WITH A CLIPBOARD is walking slowly from parked car to parked car, jotting down plate numbers...

Dolarhyde's eyes dart in another direction...

A SECOND MAN stands by one of the delivery vans, aiming a flashlight. Flicking something. He's dusting the outside mirror for fingerprints...

Dolarhyde turns, staring...

His own black van is some distance away, in a darker corner of the lot. Apparently they haven't reached it yet.

He takes a deep breath, eyes the men again, waiting till their backs are turned. Then he drops flat, rolls over the edge of the loading dock, and lopes silently away, in a semi-crouch, towards his van...

INT. DOLARHYDE'S VAN. NIGHT.

Dolarhyde leaps into the driver's seat, shuts his door, yanks his valise from under the seat, claws it open. Pulls out his Glock, jacks a round into the chamber. He's panting, almost frantic. Looks out his window.

No one coming...

He forces himself to take deep breaths. Then he lays his pistol on the console, covers it with a T-shirt. He starts his engine, then drives slowly and quietly away.

CRAWFORD (V.O.)
We want to find him, not spook him. That's why we haven't called out the cavalry yet...

INT. CHROMA-LUX. PERSONNEL OFFICE. NIGHT.

The Personnel Manager, MR. FISK, looks worriedly at Crawford.

CRAWFORD
If we ID this guy tonight, we can take him outside the plant, maybe at
(MORE)

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
his house, or else tomorrow morning in the lot.

FISK
Mr. Crawford, all you've got is a hunch. But I've got 382 employees. And they have a union. I don't see how I can just turn the FBI loose on their files. Not without a court order.

His secretary, at her desk, is grimly guarding the pile of ledgers and time sheets. Graham hovers nearby, frustrated.

FISK (CONT'D)
There are privacy issues here. The company's exposure -

CRAWFORD
One of those employees has already killed eleven people, Mr. Fisk. That we know of. If you let him get away, what's the "company's exposure" on that?

Fisk looks back at him unhappily.

REBA (V.O.)
Thanks for dinner, Ralph. And thanks for letting me vent.

EXT. REBA'S DUPLEX. FRONT STEPS. NIGHT.

Reba's standing outside her front door, saying good night to Ralph Mandy. His red motorcycle is parked at the curb.

RALPH
Hey, no problemo... Reba, listen. It's not my place to say this...

REBA
Go on.

RALPH
If Dolarhyde's really as moody as you say, maybe you oughta keep a little distance. I mean, what do you really know about the guy? What do any of us know?

REBA
I appreciate your concern, Ralph. Really. And I promise I'll give it some thought... Hey, have a great vacation.

RALPH
Goodnight, Reeb. See you in a week.

Impulsively he leans forward, gives her a quick kiss on the cheek. Reba accepts this.

INT. DOLARHYDE'S VAN. NIGHT.

POV ANGLE, through a windshield, as they separate. Reba smiles. She turns, unlocks her door, as Ralph stands by...

Dolarhyde stares at the two of them from his parked van, his eyes turning hard. A grim new resolve is flooding into him.

EXT. REBA'S DUPLEX. FRONT STEPS. NIGHT.

Ralph waits gallantly while Reba closes her door, bolts it from inside. Then he turns, starting towards his bike... but Dolarhyde is blocking his way.

RALPH
Mr. D.! What're you -

Dolarhyde shoots him in the face, two quick little PHUTTS from the silenced Glock. Ralph's body tumbles behind the shrubbery. Then Dolarhyde turns, calmly rings the doorbell. He waits. After a moment, SOUNDS of the door being UNLOCKED again. Reba opens it, annoyed.

REBA
Ralph, just because I'm feeling a little vulnerable -

Dolarhyde claps a chloroformed cloth over her face. She struggles briefly, trying to cry out, then goes limp. He catches her as she sags.

Crouching with Reba, his feverish gaze darts up and down the street. No witness. His eyes linger for a moment on Ralph's red motorcycle, then shift to his corpse, crumpled behind the hedge. His mind races. What now...?

GRAHAM (V.O.)
(impatiently)
Look - forget the files...

INT. PERSONNEL OFFICE. NIGHT.

Fisk looks tensely at Graham, as he breaks into the standoff.

GRAHAM
The man we're looking for is very strong. A body-builder. He's right-handed, has short blond hair. He drives a van, or a panel truck. And he missed work today. He called in sick, or left early.

Fisk and his secretary exchange a worried glance.

FISK
That sounds like Mr. Dolarhyde.

CRAWFORD
Who is Mr. Dolarhyde?

FISK
Our manager of technical services. He maintains the equipment we use for tape transfers... all our home videos go through his hands.

Graham and Crawford exchange a glance. Got him.

GRAHAM
Where does he live?

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE. BALLROOM. NIGHT.

A dripping towel rubs across Reba's unconscious face, which stirs, then shakes from side to side to escape the wetness.

DOLARHYDE (O.S.)
Reba... Reba, wake up.

Her eyelids flutter open. She's slumped on the couch, dazed, disoriented. Dolarhyde sits beside her, very distraught.

DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)
You wandered around in the house while I was asleep, didn't you?

REBA
What... ?

DOLARHYDE
Last night. Or this morning. Did you find something odd? Did you take it and show it to somebody? Did you do that, Reba?

REBA
D.? What is it? What's happening?

Abruptly she struggles to rise, but his big hands on her shoulders push her back. He hisses.

DOLARHYDE
Shhhh! Sit still, or He'll hear us!

REBA
Who will?

DOLARHYDE
He's right upstairs. I thought He was gone, but now He's back.

REBA
D., you're scaring me -

His palm covers her rising shriek.

DOLARHYDE
Shhhhh...!

EXT. STATE ROAD 370. NIGHT.

A caravan of cars and vans streams across a Missouri River bridge, speeding west quickly but silently. St. Louis PD, St. Louis SWAT, FBI. Mars lights flashing to clear traffic, but no sirens. Once across the bridge, the caravan swings right onto North River Road...

DOLARHYDE (V.O.)
Reba, some remarkable events have happened in Birmingham and Atlanta...

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE. BALLROOM. NIGHT.

Dolarhyde still grips her mouth. He leans closer to her, his eyes blazing. Their faces almost touching.

DOLARHYDE
Do you know what I'm talking about?

She shakes her head, very scared.

DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)
It's been on the news a lot. Two groups of people were Changed. Leeds. And Jacobi. The police think they were murdered. Do you know now?

She starts to shake her head again. Then she does know. Slowly she nods. He uncovers her mouth.

DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)
Do you know what they call the Being that visited those people? You can say.

REBA
The Tooth -

He grips her face again, shutting off the sound.

DOLARHYDE
Think carefully and answer correctly.

REBA
It's Dragon something. Dragon... Red Dragon.

DOLARHYDE
(a feverish whisper)
He's right upstairs. He wants you, Reba. He always has. I didn't want to give you to Him. I did a thing for you today so He couldn't have you. I was wrong, Reba... You made me weak and then you hurt me.

INT. LEAD CAR, POLICE CARAVAN. DRIVING. NIGHT.

In the lead car, TWO DEPUTIES are in the front seat; one driving and one consulting a map. The radio CRACKLES with low, urgent VOICES, coordinating the racing task force.

In the backseat, Graham is checking the load in his .44 Special. He looks at his fingers, discovers they are remarkably steady. He glances beside him at...

Crawford, who has caught this moment. Their eyes meet, briefly, then Crawford nods: You'll be okay.

INT. DOLARHYDE'S HOUSE. BALLROOM. NIGHT.

A row of gasoline cans, their caps already removed. One by one, Dolarhyde's sneaker is kicking them over, as the liquid spills out, spreading over the floorboards...

DRAGON'S VOICE
SHE IS MINE!

Dolarhyde pauses, looking up sharply at his ceiling.

DOLARHYDE
No!

DRAGON'S VOICE
GIVE HER TO ME NOW!

DOLARHYDE
No! You can't have her!

He picks up a can, frantically splashing the cots, the drapes. Reba's head turns sharply, reacting to the smell.

REBA
Please, D. Please don't let Him have me. You won't, please don't - I'm for you. You like me, I know you do. Take me with you.

DOLARHYDE
Take you with me. Yes.

Suddenly he's beside her again, holding his shotgun.

DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)
Put out your hand. Feel this. Don't grab it, feel it.

She touches the muzzle.

DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)
That's a shotgun, Reba. A twelve-gauge magnum. Do you know what it will do?

She nods. Tears streaming down her cheeks.

DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)
Take your hand down.

The cold muzzle now rests in the hollow of her throat.

DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)
(crying)
Reba, I wish I could have trusted you. I wanted to trust you... You felt so good.

REBA
So did you, D. I love it. Please don't hurt me now.

DOLARHYDE
It's all over for me!

He sobs helplessly, great spasms racking his body. Then he's up again, lurching away, still gripping the shotgun as he fumbles with a pack of matches. Strikes one, tosses it. It lands with a WHOOSH as flames rise instantly. Thick black smoke begins to fill the air...

Reba, terrified, gets to her feet.

REBA
(screams)
D.! Where are you?

DOLARHYDE
I can't leave you to Him. Do you know what He'll do?
(bawling now)
He'll bite you to death. He'll hurt you so bad... I can't let that happen. I can't! Better if you go with me.

REBA
Yes, God, get us out of here!

Dolarhyde sways in front of her, backlit by flames, in hellish torment. Slowly he raises the shotgun.

DOLARHYDE
I'll shoot you, and then myself. I have to shoot you!

REBA
D., no, pleeeease!

The muzzle trembles in his hands. He hesitates, stricken.

DOLARHYDE
(howls)
Oh, Reba! I can't do it...! I can't stand to watch you die!

CLOSE ON Reba's face, as she extends her hands pleadingly.

REBA
Deeeee, nooooo...!

BOTH BARRELS of the shotgun EXPLODE at once. Blood spatters her face. She staggers back, stunned. Then hears the HEAVY THUMP of a BODY hitting the floor.

She turns to run, but stumbles choking into the couch. Smoke everywhere. She claws her hands through it, gasping. Backs away from the couch, turning helplessly. Which way? She takes a few tentative steps, arms extended, then stumbles over something, falls to her hands and knees.

Her fingers trail across the floor till they encounter a dead hand, gripping the shotgun... then travel up the arm, the shoulder... finally sinking into the horrible mush of the face: pulp, bone splinters, a loose eye.

Gagging, choking, she falls backwards, then scrambles up again. Flames rise behind her, CRACKLING, shooting up the drapes. Flames and smoke everywhere. She turns desperately. Which way? Then a new sound: the BONG of the hall clock...

Her head turns. BONG BONG. Where is it...? There. That way. BONG BONG... Crouching low, under the smoke, she feels her way across the ballroom, bumping into cots, righting herself, moving towards the archway, towards the sound. BONG BONG. Under her breath, a desperate chant...

REBA (CONT'D)
Left at the arch, three steps to the clock... clock to the door, nine more... Oh God. Oh God...!

INT. LEAD CAR, POLICE CARAVAN. DRIVING. NIGHT.

Through the windshield, passing fields, patches of woods - then a red glow in the distance, flickering against low clouds. The deputy with the map points excitedly.

DEPUTY
That's it! That's where it is!

The driver stomps his accelerator; the car ROARS forward. The other deputy hits the SIREN. Crawford grabs their microphone from the center console.

CRAWFORD
All units, that's his house burning. Watch it now, he may be coming out. Sheriff, we need a roadblock here.

Graham leans forward, between the two deputies, staring as the glow brightens and swells, coming closer...

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD. NIGHT.

The lead car ROARS past the nursing home sign, SIREN SCREAMING, as the other cars and vans follow.

The whole scene is eerily lit by their flashing mars lights, as well as by the rising flames...

INT. LEAD CAR, POLICE CARAVAN. DRIVING. NIGHT.

Suddenly a WOMAN looms in front of them, bathed in their headlights, lurching blindly into the car's path...

The driver, cursing, slams on his brakes as...

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD. NIGHT.

... the car skids to a stop, fishtailing, slewing gravel, and just misses smashing into Reba. The following cars and vans veer quickly into the fields, bouncing and swaying over the rough ground.

Then Graham and Crawford are out of their car, starting towards Reba, when suddenly...

The top of the house EXPLODES, the garret and center roof disintegrating in a vast fireball, as the ground shudders and the WHUMP of the shockwave rocks the police cars...

And knocks down Graham, Crawford and Reba. The men scramble to their feet again, run to her, helping her up. Sparks and debris rain down around them. Graham holds her arms, his face close to hers, red in the firelight.

GRAHAM
Francis Dolarhyde.

She's bloody, sooty, half-deafened. Her mouth is working, but nothing will come out. He shakes her gently.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Francis Dolarhyde, where is he?

REBA
He's in there... He's dead in there.

Deputies and SWAT cops are racing by them with drawn weapons. Graham and Crawford look at the burning house, then back at Reba, at her sightless eyes.

CRAWFORD
You know that?

REBA
He shot himself in the face. I put my hand in it. He set fire to the house. He shot himself. I put my hand in it. He was on the floor. I put my hand in it can I, can I, can I sit down, please.

CRAWFORD
Yes.

He eases her onto the bumper of a police car, sits beside her, his arms around her, while she sobs into his neck.

Graham sees something on the ground nearby, square and dark, smoldering. He crosses, kneels for a closer look...

Dolarhyde's great ledger. Broken-spined but largely intact. Brushing embers, he opens it. Between two pages, loosely inserted, a yellowed photo of a little boy, shyly hiding his mouth, clinging to his Grandmother's skirt on the porch of the old house.

Graham looks up from this photo, at...

The rocking chairs on that same porch, moving eerily as flames take them. One last ride for the ghosts. Dolarhyde's van is ablaze; now its windows shatter as the gas tank EXPLODES. Trees burn, shrubs; the entire hilltop is a raging inferno.

GRAHAM (V.O.)
When I read his journal, I couldn't help feeling sorry for him...

Graham kneels in the road, watching the house burn. The reddish glow of the inferno starts to CHANGE, becoming...

FADE TO:

EXT. BEACH. FLORIDA. NIGHT. A WEEK LATER.

...the flickering of a driftwood fire, built in sand.

GRAHAM (O.S.)
He wasn't born a monster. He was made one. It took years of abuse.

Graham and Molly sit together on the beach below their house, below the huddled sheds of the boatyard, watching Josh skip shells into the ocean. They're in shorts, barefoot.

MOLLY
(after a silence)
How she's doing? That young woman.

GRAHAM
Healing. She's a pretty amazing person. The worst of it is, she feels like she should've known.

MOLLY
What do you say to that?

GRAHAM
That whatever was still human in him was only kept alive because of her. That she probably saved lives... And that I've been there myself.

She looks at him a moment, tenderly, then kisses him. Josh comes up, happy to see them smooching.

JOSH
Hey, can we make S'mores?

MOLLY
It's a deal. Go look in the pantry.

INT. GRAHAM HOUSE. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

Josh, inside the walk-in pantry, rummages until he finds a Hershey bar, a box of Graham crackers, and a bag of marshmallows. He rips this open, chewing one, as he exits the pantry, reaching for the door. When he swings it closed, Francis Dolarhyde is revealed, standing behind it.

Josh freezes, speechless, staring into the crazed yellow eyes. Dolarhyde's voice is soft.

DOLARHYDE
Hi. I'm a friend of your father's.

EXT. BEACH. NIGHT.

Graham looks up towards the house.

GRAHAM
Wonder what's taking him so long?

MOLLY
Are you kidding? It takes him twenty minutes to get out of bed in the morning.

GRAHAM
Yeah, but now I've got a serious marshmallow jones.

She laughs as he rises, starting up towards the house. She tosses more wood on the fire.

INT. CRAWFORD'S OFFICE. FBI BUILDING, WASHINGTON. NIGHT.

Crawford, in his reading glasses, is taking down his task force maps and photos, putting them away in archival cartons. His PHONE RINGS and he picks it up.

CRAWFORD
Crawford.

INT. LATENT FINGERPRINTS LAB. NIGHT.

Jimmy Price, looking upset, clutches a receiver. Behind him, on a steel table, charred bone fragments.

PRICE
(on phone)
Jack, those remains you found in the rubble. They're not Dolarhyde's.

INTERCUTTING -

As Crawford, startled, looks down at his desk. Resting there are Grandmother Dolarhyde's shattered, blackened dentures.

CRAWFORD
What are you talking about? His goddamn dentures were there.

PRICE
But not his bones. Wrong DNA.

CRAWFORD
Then whose are they?

Price grabs for a fax, scans it.

PRICE
St. Louis PD is looking for a Chroma-Lux employee named Ralph Mandy. He was supposed to be on vacation, so nobody missed him for a week. And Jack - his motorcycle is missing, too.

Crawford turns, staring into the distance out his window.

CRAWFORD
Oh Jesus...

EXT. GRAHAM HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

As Graham pads barefoot through his living room, he pauses. Something is tugging at the edge of his eideteker's consciousness. He stops, turns, scanning the room more closely. Something is subtly different...

Graham's gaze travels across the couch, coffee table, the foyer, seen through its archway, then bookcases, framed pictures... wait. Returns to the foyer. Rug, coat rack, and an antique console, with a glass bowl of seashells resting on it. A mirror, seen at an oblique angle, hangs above the console...

The mirror is cracked. One long shard is missing.

Graham stares, stunned, his mind racing. Barely able to accept what this could mean...

Suddenly the phone rings, close by his side, making him start. He reaches for it, then stops. Can't give away his position.

As the phone continues to ring, insistently, Graham stares fearfully towards the stairs, leading up to the second floor.

A light is on up there. The answering machine clicks on.

MOLLY'S VOICE
Hi, this is Molly. We can't come to the phone right now, but you know the deal. Wait for the beep.

INT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.

A wooden block of knives. Graham quietly slides a butcher knife from its slot. In the distance, the machine beeps.

CRAWFORD'S VOICE
(on machine)
Will, it's Jack. Get out of the house. Get Molly and Josh and drive into town, call me from there...

INT. STAIRCASE. NIGHT.

As quietly as he can, Graham mounts the steps, the butcher knife gripped in his right fist. Crawford's desperate voice can still be heard from downstairs.

CRAWFORD'S VOICE
It's Dolarhyde, Will. He's still alive. I'm scrambling everything that will roll or fly, but it's gonna take time to get them out there. Aw Christ, Will... Where are you?

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY. NIGHT.

Graham's head edges into view at the top of the stairs. He looks down the hall, his eyes at floor level...

Five doors. Two per side - Josh's bedroom, bathroom, guest room, closet - in a gallery around the railed staircase. Master bedroom down at the end. Each door a potential ambush.

Graham climbs higher, standing in a half crouch, then follows his blade's point, edging down the hall. His heart pounding. Every sense tortured to a razor's edge...

His bare feet slip quietly over worn floorboards, carefully skirting the known loud spots...

Standing by Josh's door, he takes a deep breath. Tightens his grip on the knife. Then quietly pushes the door open further...

INT. JOSH'S ROOM. NIGHT.

Dolarhyde stands by the bed, gripping Josh by one powerful forearm. His knapsack lies on the bed. The shard of mirror is poised by the boy's right eye. The handle end is wrapped with a dish towel. Dolarhyde's mad gaze meet Graham's.

DOLARHYDE
Drop it.

Graham hesitates, looking into his son's terrified eyes. His mind racing frantically...

DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)
Do it now, gumshoe.

Graham tosses his knife to one side. Dolarhyde smiles.

DOLARHYDE (CONT'D)
Your son is about to Change. Then your wife. You can watch.

Josh, in his fear, has wet his pants. Graham sees this, and something clicks in his mind. One last, desperate chance. He stares into his son's eyes, willing him to understand, even as his voice becomes harsh and grating, very loud.

GRAHAM
Look at you! I've never seen a child as dirty and disgusting as you!

Josh, confused, begins to whimper. But the effect on Dolarhyde is amazing. He freezes, startled, his eyes going wide...

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
You're soaking wet! Filthy little beast. Do you want me to cut it off?

Dolarhyde's mouth is agape, working soundlessly.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Do you?

Josh is sobbing. Dolarhyde looks down at him, upset by the boy's crying. Disoriented, he begins to whimper too. The shard's point drops a few inches, trembling in his hand.

Graham stares into Josh's eyes, urging him to understand.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Get out. Get out of here, right this minute! Go to my room!

Something shifts in Josh's eyes. He gets it.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
To my room. GO!!!

Josh breaks free from Dolarhyde's loosened grip. Dolarhyde, with the spell broken, roars with fury, swinging the shard in a wide arc, but missing Josh, who runs past his father and out the door. Dolarhyde starts after him...

Graham steps into his path, blocking him. Low, balanced...

Dolarhyde slashes. Graham darts backwards. A miss...

Another slash. This time, Graham's chest is lightly scored...

The third slash, a huge swing, another miss, leaves Dolarhyde momentarily off balance...

Graham plucks a second, smaller knife from behind his back, plunges it to the hilt in Dolarhyde's thigh. Dolarhyde screams. Graham runs out into the hall. Dolarhyde starts after him, staggers, rights himself. Tossing away the shard, he turns back to the bed, snatches up his knapsack.

INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT.

As Graham runs down the hall, Dolarhyde lurches into view behind him, the knife still waggling in his thigh. He's fumbling in his knapsack. He pulls out his Glock as Graham runs into the master bedroom, slamming the door.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM/THEN HALLWAY. NIGHT.

Graham locks and bolts the door, just as Dolarhyde smashes against it. The panels seem to bulge inwards. Graham pushes back, with all his weight. He turns, sees...

Josh, hiding under the bed, wide-eyed.

GRAHAM
(gasping)
You okay? Are you cut?

Josh shakes his head. Staring at his father's torn chest.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Stay there.

Another smash against the door. Then another. Another. The trim around the hinges is starting to splinter...

Graham runs to his closet, flings open the door, pulls down a shoebox from a high shelf. Takes out his Bulldog .44 and flips off the safety. But when he turns back towards the door, everything has suddenly gone silent. Not a sound out there. And then, after a few moments, a distant, female voice, calling out.

MOLLY (O.S.)
Will...? Josh...?

Graham's eyes meet Josh's. Pierced by a new fear.

MOLLY'S VOICE
Where are you guys...?

Graham drops prone, staring out through the crack between the door and the jamb. He sees...

Molly's head appearing as she comes up the stairs. Puzzled, she looks down the hall. It's empty.

MOLLY
Thought I heard some kind of...

She stops. Looking his way. Her expression changes. Then she approaches, moving down the hall more warily. From his low angle, he can now see only her bare feet. They come closer, then stop, just outside the door. Inches from his eyes.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Will...?

At the end of the hall, Dolarhyde's running shoes appear, behind her, slipping out of the bathroom. They come closer and closer, silently, one shoe leaving bloody prints...

GRAHAM
(very softly)
Molly, freeze. Don't look back.

Molly freezes. Staring at the closed door. Its panels are fractured at shoulder height. She's very scared. Dolarhyde looms behind her, twenty feet. Fifteen. Ten...

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
When I say "now", drop to the floor and stay down. Do you understand?

Molly's voice is barely a whisper.

MOLLY
Yes.

Dolarhyde is raising the Glock in both hands...

GRAHAM
NOW!

Molly drops, flattening herself on the floorboards, as...

Graham rises to one knee, aims the .44 at the door, at waist level, squeezing the trigger...

Dolarhyde is firing the Glock, his bullets punching through the door at chest height, over Molly's prone figure...

The BOOMS are DEAFENING, the entire hallway becoming a smoky, flaming hell as the door is shredded, SHOT after SHOT...

And Dolarhyde is hit in the chest, the stomach, the thigh, smashed backwards...

While Graham also rocks backwards, hit in the shoulder, his cheek sliced open by a flying splinter...

And then, abruptly, the guns fall silent.

Molly turns, wild-eyed, staring up at...

Dolarhyde, as he sways, staring back at her. Then his eyes roll up. He pivots, smashes through the railing, and crashes to the landing below. Where he lies crumpled in death.

Molly turns, rising to her knees. Through the gaping wreckage of the door, her eyes meet Graham's. He tries to smile. Then he sags weakly, his eyes squeezing shut in pain...

LECTER (V.O.)
"My Dear Will. I was thinking of you, just this morning, and it occurred to me - what a collection of scars you have! Have you ever considered exhibiting yourself in the FBI museum...?"

INT. HOSPITAL. DAY.

Graham sits propped against pillows, with an IV drip, his shoulder and cheek wounds heavily bandaged. He stares out his window, past the tops of palms, towards distant water.

LECTER (V.O.)
"Never forget who gave you the best of them. And be grateful, Will. Our scars have the power to remind us that the past was real. In fact, it's not even really the past. Is it...?"

INT. LECTER'S CELL. DAY.

Lecter sits at his desk, writing a letter. His cell has been restored to its former appearance: books and drawings, bedding and toilet seat; no trace of his fine meal remains.

LECTER (V.O.)
"Even after all these years, I still think of you often. And of course dear Molly and Josh..."

EXT. SAILBOAT. DAY.

Graham stands by the lifeline of a sloop, under easy sail. He's bearded now, his hair longer; he looks older. He's reading Lecter's letter.

LECTER (V.O.)
"Do tell them that one day I'm planning to pay my respects in person. Until then...? Your old friend, Hannibal Lecter."

Graham drops the letter overboard, watching for a few moments as it swirls away in the boat's wake. Then he turns, walking back along the deck to rejoin Molly and Josh at the wheel, as the sloop sails gracefully away, over perfect gin-clear waters...

CHILTON (V.O.)
Hannibal? There's someone here to see you...

INT. LECTER'S CELL. DAY.

Lecter, still composing his letter, ignores Dr. Chilton, who hovers gloatingly out in the corridor.

CHILTON
Wants to ask you a few questions. I said you'd probably refuse. She's cooling her heels up in my office.

Lecter becomes very still. His back remains turned.

CHILTON (CONT'D)
Yes, I thought that might get your attention. A young woman, says she's from the FBI. Though she's far too pretty, if you ask me.
(a cruel sigh)
What fun it would've been, to see you writhing while she was just out of reach! Still, we can't get everything we want. I'll tell her you said no.

He starts away.

Lecter considers. Behind the strange pale eyes, something moves, the first quickening of wondrous new possibilities.

LECTER
What is her name?

THE END.